

THE Flag of our Union

LITERATURE, ACCOMPLISHMENTS, ARTS, AMUSEMENTS, NEWS.

VOL. IX.

M. M. BALLOU, [CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1854.

TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM,
5 CENTS SINGLE.

No. 48.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

NELL NOELL, THE LIGHT-KEEPER'S TREASURE.

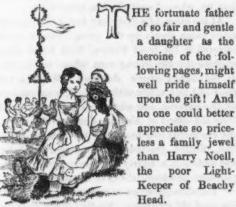
A ROMANCE

Of England, France and Italy.

BY GEORGE P. BURNHAM.

CHAPTER I.

THE WAIF.



In storm and sunshine, when the angry sea dashed wildly upon the rough eastern coast of England, amid the calm or riot of the elements, Nelly was ever unchanged in her devotion to the duties that devolved on her—always ready to aid her good-hearted, but impoverished father, in the arduous routine of his labors. And her share of the daily task that fortune had imposed upon the parent was by no means light or easy; yet she resigned herself cheerfully and earnestly to its performance, forgetful of her own comforts or convenience, unmindful and heedless of all danger or jeopardy, so that she relieved, in any degree, the hardships or the toil to which her loved and affectionate sire was so constantly exposed in his precarious vocation.

Few occupations are so thankless, and few positions are so poorly repaid for the risk and responsibilities attendant thereon, as is that of the light-house keeper. These situations are sought after, and are eagerly taken up by the hardy and venturesome, because there is a certain income attending them, from government; and thus—though the emolument be trifling, and too often, entirely inadequate to compare with the perils to be encountered—competent and worthy men are readily found to fill these posts, so important and needful to universal commerce.

Harrison Noell—or Harry Noell, as he was familiarly called—had long been the poor recipient of the king's favor, in the capacity of light-house keeper, at the perilous point we have alluded to; and, so well did he value the companionship and services of his only child, that he appropriately denominated her *treasure*. And indeed this was the only “treasure” he could boast of—for, excepting the plain and scanty furniture that was scattered over his humble dwelling, a rough but serviceable wardrobe, a few books, and a boat or two of small value—he laid claim to no worldly goods or adornments.

Yet Harry Noell was happy—content with his lot, idolized by and dearly loving his daughter, whilst in health, inured to the hardships of his calling, and esteemed by the few who knew him, or of him—but had little care for the future, save to provide, if possible, at the proper time, for the coming welfare of his child. Nelly had come to be nearly eighteen years old, and the father looked upon her ripened, and yet ripening charms with a all a parent's fond solicitude.

“I cannot give her fortune,” he would say to himself, as he contemplated the future for her, “alack! I have no fortune to bestow! She is so like her angel-mother, too. It would be hard indeed if she must be joined to one who cannot better provide for her comfort and happiness, than her poor father has been able to do.”

Poor—ambitious—over-anxious Harry Noell! How little did he reflect that his “treasure” was as happy as any bird upon the wing, always joyous and contented in her humble home—never dreaming of being separated from her parent, and having no wish for any change of life from that which she had only known, thus far, from the cradle, up.

“To be sure,” Harry would argue, mentally, as he brooded upon the subject, “her mother lost no time, and spared no care in her education, before she was taken away from us; and Nelly has well profited from the instruction bestowed on her. But she has seen little of the world, society would startle her, should she be

sudden thrown upon other than her present resources, and I must look to it, seasonably.”

When the wind howled along the dreary coast, and when the combers rolled in roughly against the long rocky beach below the light-house, such thoughts as these would force themselves on Harry's mind. The day that was now just closing had been a gloomy one, and the light-keeper found himself thus, buried in thought, intent upon some plans of temporal advantage for his daughter's benefit, at such time as he might, perchance, be taken away from her—or when she should have become “of age.” As the evening shadows began to hang over the land and sea, it was the custom at the light, before sunset to survey the horizon with the glass, and note if any vessels were in sight. While her father lingered in his room, still thinking of what he might do for his daughter's good, Nelly had taken the glass for the customary examination before the lighting of the lanterns—when she descried, far away to windward, a small object that might be a craft of some kind—upset or dismantled, apparently—and encumbered with a sail or large sheet of cloth. She lost no time in apprising her father of the discovery.

“It may be a yacht, or a long-boat—possibly a yacht,” said Nelly, as her father hurried on a rough-weather suit, “but I can't make it out exactly. At all events, it is a disabled boat of some kind; for I could distinctly see a large sail, I think, drifting upon the starboard side.”

“How does it bear?” asked Harry.

“Here, to the south-eastward,” was the reply, as Nelly handed her parent the glass.

“Go on, Nelly,” added her father, “and set the lights. The evening is so foggy I can make out nothing whatever. Are you certain the object lay at the southward?”

“Yes, father, to the southward and eastward.”

“The wind has hauling since three o'clock,” continued the light-keeper, “and it must drift beachward, whatever it may be. Set the lights, and we will go down and keep a good lookout for it.”

While Nelly was engaged as directed, the old man hastened down to the edge of the lower reef. The rocks jutted their black crowns out from the water, and the surge rolled heavily in from the sea, as both wind and tide were now tending shoreward. The brilliant lights quickly shot up from the top of the cone-like rock, and the tall tower with its bright glare stood like a huge sentinel with eyes of fire gazing out upon the troubled and heaving waters. The mist thickened, however, and it was soon impossible to see anything but a vast expanse of haze, illuminated by the strong light until the surrounding atmosphere appeared like a mass of half-transparent snow.

Noell placed a large trumpet to his lips, and at the top of his lungs he shouted “bill'o' ho-ho!” but the sound died without an echo on that lonely and rugged shore, when his daughter suddenly hurried to his side once more.

“I think, father,” she said, “if we should take the boat and touch at the outer point of the ledge, we might possibly learn more of the party in distress, if it be some unfortunate craft or tender that is crippled.”

“So we might, Nelly,” said the old man, “but do you not observe how the sea runs? It would be no easy task to reach the outer reef, with both wind and tide so strong against us.”

“But, father, it may be that we may thus save a life or lives, happily, and—”

“Right, girl, right; I will go,” responded Noell, at once; and he turned towards his dory that lay up on the beach. When he launched it, as he did in a moment longer, Nelly sprang into it first, and seized the bow oar without a word of remark.

“No, my daughter, no,” said the light-keeper, “you need not go, to-night.”

“But I prefer to be with you, father.”

“Not this time, I can manage very well, alone.

Go, see to the lights. It's a hard pull, for the tide is now at half-tide; but I can stem it, and will soon return. Give me the oar.”

A receding wave at this instant threw the dory into the surf, when Nelly sank upon the

narrow thwart, plunged her oar into the water, and cried:

“Pull away, father—pull away. We'll soon be there; and, suiting her actions to the word, she settled down to the work so hearty a will that Noell found himself obliged to lay to it, astern, to prevent the boat from being swamped.

“I did not mean you should go out on the water to-night,” said her father. “It is cold and rough, and you will not be the gainer by it.”

“Pull away!” shouted Nelly, good-naturedly, “we've been out on these waters many a winter night than this, surely. Steady, now, and too briskly,” she continued, throwing back her long, dark curls that fluttered around her shoulders. “And as to being the gainer, if I can aid a poor sailor, or other unfortunate, who may be in peril upon the great deep, am I not rather a gainer, than I record such relief?”

“Right again, girl—right, again. Steady now. How bears the point?”

“A mile out, yes—indeed.”
“Not so far, I think.”
“We get out but slowly against the current. We are full three quarters of a mile from the Gap. So, pull—now!”

A brave girl was Nelly Noell, truly, and a sweet creature, too, albeit she could handle an oar, braise up a foremast, or set a jib, as readily as an old man. But, from her infancy, she had known no other kind of life; and she enjoyed its excitement and its pleasures vastly, for the expectation, from long experience, had become a part and parcel of their making-up.

“What is that?” suddenly asked old Noell, as he peered up through the haze, at something that was floating sluggishly inward, a cable's length to leeward of the dory.

“That's it—that's it!” shouted Nelly, instantly. “Slack your oar! Now, come about.”

She recognized the object she had discovered two hours previously, and which had drifted that far toward the beach in the same condition that it was when first seen by the light-keeper's daughter, from the shore. In a moment or two, the dory was alongside the drift, which proved to be a small sloop-rigged yacht, on the way to Dover, from a pleasure trip to Calais. Her mast had been broken, and the mainsail lay extended over the stern and larboard quarter, dragging in the water. A portion of the wreck had been cast away, as it proved, but there appeared no one on board to tell the history of the accident. A grapple was put over the bow, and, aided by wind and current, the dory returned to the beach in safety with the prize.

Noell lost no time, assisted by his daughter, in securing the dismantled craft in a place of safety till morning. But, what was their surprise and terror, as they were about leaving the yacht for the night, to hear a slight moan, or sigh, as if proceeding from some one in deep bodily distress, on board the ill-fated vessel!

CHAPTER II.

THE OCCUPANT OF THE YACHT.

Nelly turned to look upon her father, and if she could have seen his face she would have noticed the alarm that pervaded his features—but, fortunately, it was too dark for any exchange of glances, at the moment—and so Nelly broke the temporary silence, with the query:

“Did you hear anything, father?”

“Yes, I must be so,” quickly responded Noell.

“A light, Nelly, quickly—a-light,” and the daughter hurried for a lantern.

In the meantime, the light-keeper got on board the yacht, and hailed the supposed sufferer, whose groaning was now clearly audible, from below. Whether there was more than one person there, Noell could not determine; and the weight of the canvas, saturated as it was with water and entangled in the torn rigging, was so great as to prevent him, in the pitchy darkness, from ascertaining but the mere fact (which he could not now mistake) that some one was in pain and peril on board the little wreck.

A light was very shortly seen in the distance, and the cheering voice of Nelly was heard above the rocks, as she hurried on, shouting, “coming, father—coming!” and, as she tripped along to his side, she asked:

“Who is it? Have you found him? What has happened to them?”

“I know nothing yet, Nelly,” said the parent; “but, bear-a-hand now, ease up this sheet, so press the sail over—cheerily! so she moves, now, that is well—bring the light.”

The lantern was placed on the stern of the boat, and close by the heel of the mast, beneath a heavy splinter, a boat was discovered. In the boat was a man's foot, secured to the side of the vessel as if it had grown there. And, as the search was continued, a body was quickly made out. It proved to be that of a young man about twenty years old, who lay in the lee scupper, upon his face, well nigh drown-

ed, or smothered, and who was instantly raised up from his awful situation, to afford him a chance to breathe, provided it were not too late!

The fragment of timber that had pinioned him was then forced away, the mast fell over the side, and the youth was drawn up out of the ruins and the water, almost lifeless. He made no sign, and gave no evidence that the spirit had not fled, but a low, deep sighing, or rather heavy breathing, as if his lungs had been crushed, apparently—and probably—by the mast as it fell. Though Noell repeatedly and kindly interrogated him, he obtained no sort of reply, save groans; and taking him up on his back, as gently as was possible to handle him, Nelly led the way with the flickering lantern, and the injured man was borne to the light-keeper's dwelling.

When morning came (after a night passed with watching and bathing and friction), the young man was found to be apparently free from excessive pain, and no bones were found broken. The right foot was badly bruised, and a contusion upon the forehead showed that a severe blow must have fallen upon the sufferer, at the time of the accident. Beyond this, and the fever consequent upon such seeming rough usage, the unfortunate man was as comfortable as could be anticipated. He was quite unconscious of his situation, however. Opium was given to him, to alleviate his pains, and he slept, at last, quietly and easily.

The vessel was examined and thoroughly overhauled as soon as the day broke. No other bodies were found on board, but the little craft proved to be a beautiful vessel, well appointed and elegantly furnished. Under her stern-wale were found a gilded scroll, the words “WAIF, DOVER,” and the same inscription appeared upon several pieces of furniture in the choiceily decorated little cabin. She was strained, and some slight injury had occurred from the breaking of the mast; but otherwise, the yacht was unharmed. For three days, such was the continued illness of the young stranger—no further information was elicited in regard to the wreck, except what we have related and what was conjectured by the light-keeper and his daughter, who continued to attend their patient with a fatherly and sisterly care.

On the morning of the third day after he entered Noell's house, the young man struggled a good deal, as if dreaming of some fearful scene, in which he was himself an actor.

“Hold hard—up, hard, Manfred!” he cried, fitfully, as if giving some earnest directions to a third person, in his sleep. “Now, ease her, gently—let go! let go! Fast, foul! Cut away, the main-sail! For God's sake, quick! There she goes! Hold on! Hold on, Manfred—oh! and then he sprang up, wildly, from the low mattress, to be seized by the powerful arms of Noell, who was watching at his bedside at the moment. He relapsed again into unconscious quiet, and his benefactor was as wise as before in regard to the details of his history, or how he was wrecked, save by surmise.

As the discoloration of the bruise upon his forehead disappeared, a remarkable brow was developed in the stranger's case. Broad and massive—now peculiarly white and prominent, from his unusual paleness, probably—and very high, this feature was strikingly noticeable. His other lineaments were regular and well fashioned, and he might rightfully be termed an exceedingly handsome youth. His hands were small and white, too, and the delicate fingers and nails showed plainly that he had never seen much of toll or active labor.

A small diamond ring of singularly antique shape and setting was discovered upon his finger, which after two or three days Noell drew from his hand. On the inside were the initials P. P. The ring was replaced, and nothing further could be ascertained. After a week's delay (in the hope that the stranger would recover so as to account for the accident), Noell resolved to visit Dover, and ascertain such particulars as might be obtainable, under the circumstances. His intended trip was interrupted, however, on the morning of his finally contemplated departure, by the more favorable aspect of the stranger's symptoms. During the day, he came to himself, once more, and suddenly accosted the light-keeper with the natural question:

“Where am I?”

Noell was greatly rejoiced to hear his patient speak, and he quickly replied, in a fatherly tone:

“You are safe, and in good quarters.”

“And Manfred?”

“Who is Manfred?”

“My friend and partner—Manfred.”

“Yes,” continued Noell, humorously, “I have heard that name before; but I wanted to know who he is!”

“I mean Manfred—my patron. And the Waif!” continued the stranger, “what became of her?”

“She is safe, also, and is now moored beneath your window, yonder.”

“And the others,” he continued, in a whisper, “the other two. What of them?”

The light-keeper saw that he was wandering again, and deemed his exertion too great for him at present. So he told him to be quiet, and he would tell him more when he had had a little rest.

“Tell me,” said the patient, suddenly, once more—“who is she that fits about me, here? I have seen her to-day, surely—and before this. How long have I been here? What is her name? What is her hurt? Who is she?”

“That is a friend of yours,” said Noell, pleasantly. “Now take some rest, and I will talk further with you when you are refreshed, and are better able to converse.”

By slow degrees, the wearied and wounded young man revived, and commenced to improve. His fever still clung to him, but he was at length sufficiently recovered to be able to connect the hitherto broken and imperfect account that his friends at the light-house had been so anxious to arrive at.

They learned from him, at length, that he had joined a little pleasure party at Dover, and in company with his friend, Manfred, and two others, sailed for Calais, in the yacht mentioned, where they arrived after a pleasant voyage. After a few days passed there, they were returning home, when a squall came up, as they were crossing the Straits of Dover. The little vessel had become unmanageable (from the inexperience of her helmsman), and was thrown first abeam, and then coming up, a frightful gust caught her before the mainsail could be controlled. The rigging got foul, the sheet being entangled below, and her mast suddenly crashed over the side, as the “Waif” heeled upon her beam-ends! His companions were all washed into the sea, and he must have shared their fate, but that he found himself, at that instant, fastened to the deck—his foot having been caught by a portion of the fallen mast.

After an hour or two the sail cased up and the ruin slipped aft, when the hull righted again, though he was still unable to escape from his frightful position. Before night the yacht shipped a sea, which moved the mainsail forward once more, covering him completely beneath its heavy folds. A loose block attached to the halyards struck him upon the forehead, and he knew nothing further of yacht, companions, or himself in life, until he found himself under the kindly protection of the light-keeper and his lovely daughter.

“But you have not yet informed me who is Manfred,” said Noell. “I am desirous to know more of him, that I may communicate with him, or his friends, and deliver to him or them his property—for I understand you to say the yacht is his?”

“You are right,” continued the invalid. “Manfred was my early friend, and he has latterly been a valued patron—whom I fear I am left to mourn for! He can scarcely have been rescued, I imagine?” continued the youth, inquiring.

“That is by no means impossible,” rejoined Noell, soothingly, (though he had little cause to hope for such good fortune); “he may have been picked up by a small vessel, and I shall be glad to know that your friend is safe.”

“He is the only son of a gentleman of great wealth in London, and is now—or rather he was, in the enjoyment of a handsome allowance. The ‘Waif’ belongs to Manfred, and under ordinary circumstances he was competent to sail and manage her—a performance he took great pride in. Our other friends, on board at the time of the catastrophe, were his former college mates. But they are lost, I am painfully certain—all lost, lost!”

A paroxysm of grief filled his heart at the contemplation of this awful probability, and he burst into tears as she wiped the perspiration from the white forehead of the sufferer. “Surely your own escape from death is sufficiently marvelous to encourage the supposition that your companions may have been saved, as well. Do you bear in mind that the same Power which guided the shattered and crippled bark upon which you were so strangely fettered, into the very wake of our little boat, may have dealt as kindly with your friends, in some other manner?”

“God moves in a mysterious way,” continued the fair being beside him, “and we may well trust to his mercy and wisdom.”

The youth was silent! He gazed into the soft, blue eyes of the lovely speaker, and he felt the force and beauty of this gentle and touching response—so eloquently and kindly expressed, and he then added:

“I will hope—I do hope, for the best. Manfred is a noble-hearted fellow, sir. If he still lives, you may readily communicate with him—Rowell Manfred, Gent.—at Dover. You will find in your account, I promise you. Manfred

The Flag of our Union.

will not fail to reward your kindness to his friend, but, for myself, how can I require the unlimited care I have so unwittingly occasioned you? And, as for your daughter, here—Nelly! I am unable to repay—I never can discharge the debt I owe to you!"

"You can, at least, tell us who you are," replied Nelly, with a womanly smile. "We have not yet learned to call you by name; and thus you have the advantage of us."

"Yes, yes, I had not thought of that," said the young man. "Sit down, Nelly. Sit by me, sir, if you will—I am quite strong to-day, and my history (which is humble enough) will be very briefly told."

CHAPTER III.

THE ARTIST'S STORY.

It might occur to the reader, naturally enough, that the youth thus indebted to unexpected kindness, at the hands of so fair a creature as now listened for the stranger's recital, would very readily fall in love with so gentle and agreeable a benefactor. Whether or not this were the case, remains to be developed hereafter. He made no display of being thus affected, at any rate, whatever were his secret sensations. Did Nelly care for him, particularly? Did the poor light-keeper's only child, his cherished treasure, conceive a silent passion for the handsome stranger, thus singularly thrown across her path, at a time when such an event would not be deemed very strange result? Had her manifold attentions to the invalid, her care and nursing and watching all been prompted by motives of benevolence and sense of duty, only? We shall see, as we proceed.

"My name," he said, "is Alfred Wilford. My story can interest you but little, I am sure, for it is very common-place in its details. I am alone in the world. You have a father, Nelly, whose counsel and society you enjoy. I have neither father nor mother living. When quite a boy, I was thrown upon my own resources for a sustenance, and all the education I had received was that attainable at a common school.

"A taste for drawing and sketching was natural to me, and I turned my attention at an early age to the improvement and cultivation of the little talent I possessed. I practised the use of colors, and have come to be very imperfectly endowed artist. I am yet only a student, and a copyist. Manfred, my friend, has been more than a brother to me. To his zeal and his aid, peculiarly, I am deeply indebted for my position and the little success I have enjoyed.

"From fourteen to twenty years of age, he gave me the right hand of encouragement, and I am at last placed on the safe path, until now, promised me fortune in the future. If he has been taken away, I am alone, indeed!"

"I have nothing to add to this," continued Wilford, after a moment's silent grief. "You know me, now, as short as was my story. I was born of poor parents, they were removed by death before I had seen half a score of years, I aimed to become a painter, I have struggled on, alone, until this hour, and I find myself under this roof, indebted to your hospitality, sir—and your care, sweet Nelly, to an amount that, I regret to add, I cannot repay!"

"On that score, Wilford," responded Nelly, "give yourself no uneasiness. Could we have done less than to search for what we supposed (after discovering the wreck) was a vessel that might contain human beings?" After reaching the shore, and hearing your groans, could we have done less than to offer such succor as our positions enabled us to give, or such attention as the heart of humanity so naturally dictates? You give us too much credit for a small service, that is easily required. Your exhibition of gratitude is sufficient. Under similar circumstances, I am sure you would have done quite as much for us, or for others who might so unfortunately have been perilled. And now for Manfred."

"Yes, you will write to Dover, will you not, directly?" eagerly asked Wilford.

"Most certainly I will. I am quite as anxious as yourself to learn if any tidings have been had of your friends. It is now ten days since the accident occurred, and ample time has elapsed to allow of their return to Dover, if they have been rescued. Besides this, I have no doubt it will be gratifying to hear of your safety, if he survives."

"You are right, my dear sir. In your estimate of his friendship for me. Pray address him immediately. If he is able, he will come hither, at once, I am certain."

While Wilford slept, after this interview, Nelly seated himself at the little round deal table, and hastily penned the following epistle to—

Roswell Manfred, Gent., Dover.

"Sir—I am this moment put in possession of your address, under the following painful interesting circumstances."

Ten days ago, I picked up, adrift, off Beachy Head Light, a yacht, known as the *Wain*, and which I have just learned is your property. Upon towing her to the beach, I discovered that she had been dismasted, and I found the body of a young man on board, fastened singularly to the side of the deck, by means of a fallen fragment of the wreck, that caught his foot, and who was otherwise injured and greatly exhausted.

We secured your vessel, and afforded the young man such relief, then and since, as our humble means would permit. He revolved slowly, and to day we have for the first time heard him speak intelligibly. He calls himself Alfred Wilford, and claims Mr. Manfred for his friend. He furnishes us with your address, and I write, by special messenger to ask, if you know him, and what shall be done with your property, if this communication finds you. I pray you may have been so fortunate as to have been saved without injury; and hoping this may reach you, safely harbored, I am, in haste, yours, etc., etc.

Harrison Nelly, light-keeper.

Beachy Head Point, Saturday, A.M.

Nelly proceeded immediately across the beach, some two leagues, to the nearest house in his

vicinity, where he found a courier whom he despatched with this letter to Dover, with directions to search out the person to whom it was addressed and to return, post haste, with such reply as he could obtain. All was uncertainty, of course, for none of the parties at the light had the slightest means of knowing whether any such person as Manfred could be found—or if he ever existed, as he had escaped from the wreck.

Nevertheless, hope made the hearts of the light-keeper and his daughter buoyant. They had been long conversant with similar scenes of danger and mishap, and they taught themselves to look at the bright side of events until the shadow of the picture had become fact.

The hours that passed from the time the despatch left the beach, until they could hear from Dover, proved, as may well be supposed, a dreary and anxious period of time. But Wilford was rapidly improving. His fever calmed, his bruises had healed partially, and he recovered his faculties of body and mind in a brief space after his consciousness fully returned. He detailed the unimportant events of his early life to patient listeners, and, as he continued to improve, his benefactors became more and more interested and pleased with his appearance and deportment.

"And you tell me the messenger cannot return before to-morrow evening?" said Wilford to Nelly, on the day after he left.

"Possibly, in the morning of to-morrow," said Nelly; "but if we did not find your friend (or his representative) readily, after reaching town, there may be a delay of a few hours in his return."

"It is very tedious, sir, is it not?"

"You are anxious, and so am I. But we must wait patiently. If Manfred has not returned to Dover," continued Nelly, looking at the chance of his loss, "if he is gone—"

"That is—it is my fear," replied Wilford, feelingly. "Poor fellow! What a night he must have passed, at best, after the accident!"

"Was there another craft in sight when the squall struck you?" asked the light-keeper.

"Not within hail. The weather had been fair, though we started from Calais with a cracking breeze. Manfred was impulsive, and, in all his movements, exceedingly self-relying. We suggested after dinner, I remember, that he was carrying too much sail; and the small whale云 clouds that flitted across the heavens after mid-day should have warned him of what we each of us felt satisfied, that the wind was fitful and uneven, and at that moment a gust might injure us. Before four o'clock, the wind shifted, and we were forced to beat up, as we crossed the Straits. After running down, on the larboard tack, some hours or more, we tacked again, and coming about the yacht misstayed, her sail backed, and at that moment the gust struck her. The sea was running high, she pitched hard forward, and we heard the crash of the falling mast. I knew but little more. Manfred went off the stern, as we shrieked to him, and to each other, my companions disappeared, and night was fast coming on, when I found myself pinioned to the deck—helpless and exhausted."

"But during the afternoon?"

"Yes. A small brig, in our wake, perhaps three or four miles distant. When we took the shock, the weather had come to be hazy, and the brig was astern of us, but not in view, clearly."

"Now there is hope, indeed!" exclaimed the light-keeper, cheerfully. "The brig continued on her course, undoubtedly, and if your friends who swimmers—unless they were crippled in some way—they might have sustained themselves in the water for a long time, and the chances would be in favor of their being picked up. Courage, Wilford! You have never told us of this before. Your friends may yet be safe."

"Heaven grant it be so," was Wilford's earnest prayer.

"See, father! What is that?" shouted Nelly, at this moment, pointing to a most unusual sight, down the beach, a mile from the house.

A horse, at full gallop, was dashing towards the light-keeper's dwelling, scrapping and tumbling on among the rocks and hollows of the beach, at a break-neck pace.

"It is our messenger, from Dover," said Nelly, instantly. "But that can hardly be. Give me the glass, Nelly."

He turned the telescope upon the advancing rider, and said:

"No, it isn't him, at all events. I thought it improbable that he could have arrived so quickly."

"Who can it be?" queried Nelly.

"Some accident has happened above the Point, I fear," added Nelly. "But, here he is, to explain my errand."

The rider dashed up to the door of the light, sprang from his saddle, and throwing the bridle over a corner of the fence, entered the house without ceremony, meeting Nelly near the threshold.

"What has happened?" eagerly asked the latter.

"Wilford, Wilford!" said the young horseman, impetuously—"is he here?"

"Manfred! My friend! Thank God—he is alive!" shouted the invalid, wildly, as the door opened; and the next moment, the two friends were fast locked in each other's arms!

There was joy in the light-house, of Beachy Head that day, of a truth. And none were happier than Harry Nelly and his kind-hearted daughter

CHAPTER IV.

MARFRED AND WILFORD.

For some minutes after the mutual recognition, no word was spoken by a single member of that astonished, gay, enthusiastic group. Wilford did not doubt his senses, this time, for he actually pressed to his heart the living form of his dearest friend. But, when the first ebullition of grateful joy was over, he plied his companion with queries so rapidly, without waiting for an

answer to either of his anxious inquiries, that Manfred couldn't keep pace with his impetuosity.

"Tell me," said Wilford, "are you safe? Were you hurt? How were you rescued? And Henry—Wallace—where are they? Were you long in peril? Did you see me more of the *Wain*? Come, come, Manfred, this is joy indeed! Tell us—all my benefactors, here, all about the disaster. I forget—Nelly, this is my friend. Nelly, let me present you to Manfred. Ah, my boy, if you're ever so unlucky—which Heaven forefend! if you are ever so unfortunate as to be cast astray or ashore, a helpless as I was, may you find a nurse like Nelly Nelly, and as good a friend as I have found myself here father."

Manfred shook the now extended hands of his new acquaintances right heartily; and then in his careless, frank and natural manner, began from the beginning—addressing himself now to Wilford, now to Nelly, and then to her father, in a recapitulation of the disaster and the final escape of himself and companions.

"Well, miboy," he said, "it's all over now—and, in one word, *all* of us are safe and sound again. I say all, because I see that you are worth a score of dead men. I am perfectly well, and the boys are both happy and hearty. Send cheer, up once. Wallace and Harry send all kinds of good greeting to you, and they look for your early return to Dover, which I have promised them shall be accomplished without unnecessary delay."

"But, that was a blow though, to be sure!" he added.

"You are right, Manfred. Didn't we caution you to rest, though? And didn't you smile at Harry and me for what you pleased to term our 'fresh-water sailorism,' when old Boreas rattled down on our little craft like a fiery tornado?"

"Well, miboy, we escaped, miboy—and I was a little too confident, that's all."

"We started from Calais," he continued, turning to Nelly, "with a good seven-knot breeze. But the wind changed, and we were forced to beat up the Channel. The boat didn't come about as I anticipated, we missed stays, the squalk struck us, and directly we shipped a sea that knocked the timber out of us in a jiffy! All hands, as I supposed, went by the board when the yacht heeled. I saw two of my companions, but heard nothing of Wilford. However, it was too late to think of rendering anybody else service, at that moment, and I struck out on my own account, as the boat passed away, tumbling over the waves to windward, like a crushed egg-shell, so violent was the blow for half an hour."

"You knew of the brig in your rear?" asked Nelly.

"I had noticed her two hours before; but the fog and haze was so thick that we could discover nothing, then. Five minutes after we found ourselves in the water, the yacht was out of sight, and I supposed she would sink, after the shattering of her ballast."

"But she righted," said Wilford.

"Yes; but we knew (and I cared), very little about the boat, any way. Our lives were worth swimming for, so we thought, and we breasted the waves right earnestly, you may be sure. I tell you, Wilford, the boys swim like ducks!"

But the game was unequal, and the odds were strongly against us. For choice, on my part though I am not easily alarmed, I think I prefer some other bathing-spot that I could name, to that of the middle of the Straits of Dover, in a hurricane!"

"But how did you get out of your dilemma?"

"O, easy enough, as it turned out. You know, the good little cherub who sits up acht,"

"To see how you fare for the sake of poor Jack."

"I've heard you repeat it," said Wilford, with as smile.

"Well, I think the little fellow was close upon the track of the 'Wain' when she went over; and I make no doubt he sent the good brig 'Flora' right into our wake, for we soon heard her, and the trio of yell-s that we sent up were not lost in the wind—though, as I said before, sir—did blow, prodigiously. Captain Bianchi, God bless his good hearing and his good heart, lost no time in coming to our assistance. He lowered away his boat. The brig lay to, for an hour, when the gale abated. He tacked and filled till morning, in the hope of seeing the 'Wain' again—but she could not be found, and we put away for Dover, with hearts grateful for our own preservation, but deeply saddened by the thought that our friend Wilford had become food for the sharks. As nothing further was heard of the yacht, I concluded she had gone to the bottom! and, thinking of my own lucky stars that I wasn't in her to go down also, I gave up all idea of possessing her again, or of hearing from our missing associate—when your messenger, sir, found me, and brought me your welcome letter. I sprang to my feet, ordered horses, took a relay as often as I could find it, and—here I am, miboy—given you my horse, once more!"

Another general congratulation and shaking of hands followed this recital, for all the parties were very happy; and then Manfred inquired for the first time about the yacht.

"You say you towed her up, sir?"

"She is moored close by the beach, below us, sir," said Nelly. "Shall we go and look at her?"

"Is she much injured?"

"Very little, I think," replied the light-keeper.

"Her mast is gone, the deck is somewhat cracked, and the rigging is torn out, I find. But, with the exception of these and the damage by the water that rushed into the cabin, she is as staunch and sound as ever. Come, we will examine her."

Wilford was unable to walk to the beach, and the other two proceeded to look at the yacht.

She lay snugly moored in a sort of creek that made up inland from the shore of the beach, where she was out of the way of harm in boisterous weather. As had been suggested by Nelly, little serious damage had been done to her, ex-

cepting the breaking of the mast and its consequences, and Manfred was astonished to find his little vessel in so good a condition. After removing to the shore a few portable articles that were taken from the cabin and the lockers, they returned again to the house.

Roswell Manfred was the only child of Manfred, of Dover, England. He had enjoyed a collegiate education, and was a young man of fair talents, good head and affectionate disposition.

The very large fortune which his father enjoyed afforded the son a liberal allowance, and he was too well provided with the world's goods to practise any profession. He kept a fine stud of horses, was a connoisseur in pictures and sculpture, an excellent shot, an intrepid sportsman, and loved his yacht to excess, though he was not a very skilful sailor. His attachments were ardent and strong, and among his early and fast friends, young Wilford, a penniless artist, ranked foremost. Roswell Manfred could appreciate a favor, at its full value, great or small, and those who loved his friends he was sure to love in return.

"What shall we do with the 'Wain'?" asked Nelly, when they returned to the house, and sat down to a lunch, prepared in their absence, by the attentive Nelly.

"The yacht cost me two thousand pounds," replied Manfred. "I will have her overhauled at once, and refitted—and when complete, again, I will present her, with a thousand thanks, to Harry Nelly, if he will accept the gift."

This announcement took all by surprise, for no one anticipated such liberality.

"My dear sir," said Nelly, "this is too much! Really, I could not think of being thus indebted."

"Indeed! Nonsense, man! Do you imagine that we don't know and feel where the indebtedness lies? What you have done for my poor friend, here, have done for me. The yacht is yours, by right of salvage. You picked her up upright at sea—and the fitting her up, again, I claim as my right, in partial payment for your kindness to Wilford. I shall insist upon this, without parley. And as for Nelly, I will ask that when she marries, I may be permitted to add something to her dowry. What say you, Nelly?"

"You are too kind, sir—but I will not oppose your handsome intentions," responded the light-keeper.

The daughter blushed at the allusion to herself, but as she had never before heard the word "marriage" uttered, in connection with her own person, and as she considered that event—if certain at all—at least very remote in its probable communion, she only bowed cordially and thanked the gentleman for his generous proffer.

"And now, Wilford, miboy," continued his friend, "how do you feel about returning to Dover? I notice that you are in a little timbered tent, yet—if we can manage to get you across the Point, we can readily obtain a carriage, in which you can ride home comfortably. What do you think?"

"As you will, Manfred. I am doing very well here. I assure you. If, however, we can get away, we have no doubt that Nelly will gladly be with us."

"So I think; and to-morrow morning we will see how we can contrive it."

Shelter was provided in the shed for Manfred's horse for the night, and the new-made acquaintances separated, in the evening, for rest.

There was no sleep, that night, however, for Nelly Nelly! For the first time in her life she was wretched. Whatever were her thoughts, or from whatever cause arose this extraordinary disturbance in her hitherto uniformly content—was unknown, unmentioned, any living being.

She arose in the morning, the breakfast was served, an additional horse had been procured, and the two young men were ready at last to depart.

"I am unable to add anything, pecuniarily, to the liberality of my friend Manfred," said Wilford, as they were about to leave and addressing Nelly, "but you have my ardent gratitude, and will always have my prayers for your health and prosperity. The time may come when I can do more than off'r you these thoughtful words. I shall not let off'r you this first opportunity." Then taking the little diamond ring from his finger, he turned to the daughter, and said:

"Nelly, to your kind solicitude and constant care, I am indebted too deeply, to think of rewarding it. But, you will accept this trifle, I know, from me. It is of small account, but it may serve to remind you of your poor artist, hereafter, when he is far away from you. You will permit me to write to you, too—will you not, sir?" he continued, turning to her father, who nodded his assent, "and I will tell you of my success in the future. Take the ring, then—and with it the assurance of my warm and constant remembrance."

"A very pretty speech, to be sure!" ventured Manfred, disposed to check a tear that he saw was starting—from the eye of no-matter-who! "Come, miboy, let's get away."

The parting was prolonged, but at length they were comfortably encased in an ample travelling chaise, on the road to Dover.

CHAPTER V.

A HOME OF WEALTH AND EASE.

BURTON HOUSE, the residence of Mr. Manfred, Sen'r., was a princely estate. It was located a short distance back from the seashore, on the outskirts of Dover, and every element of luxury and beauty and utility found its appropriate place in the grounds and mansion of its wealthy proprietor.

The wide domain that circled the dwellings comprised an extended area of acres, over which were tastefully laid out clear head gravelled roads, which wound through a variety of scenes, for miles in length—affording beautiful drives for the high mettled steeds belonging to the estate, which were constantly abroad, in fine weather, for the recreation of the family and their numerous visitors.

A beautiful lake upon the "Great Hill" in the rear of the grounds furnished an ample supply of water for a myriad of fountains and jets that were placed in various portions of the grounds and terraces. Artificial ponds, rare statuary, and elegantly fitted parterres were seen at various points. A splendid park, with its groves and clumps of trees, its streams and pleasant vales, skirted the southerly side, for a long distance, over which bounded a hundred noble deer. There was no lack of the useful or ornamental, the artificial or natural, the artistic or the fanciful, to render "Burton House" a magnificent and princely home, a retreat of wealth and comfort and ease. And here, amid the continuous rounds of pleasure and enjoyment that characterize the home of the gentleman of pride and leisure—the proprietor dwelt, surrounded by a retinue of friends and acquaintances who kept the establishment of servants, attaches, horses and hounds in full employment, throughout the entire year.

To this home, by invitation of young Manfred, the artist Wilford was now being bore, after his rescue and temporary illness at the light-keeper's humble abode. He had visited Burton House before this, and, at the time of the accident, he was on a visit to his friend, who took him out to Calais on the pleasure trip which so nearly cost him his life. Roswell Manfred had proved a dutiful son, and he was so well beloved by his father, and his parent confided so implicitly in his only child that he was much the master at Burton House as if the estate were his own, with all attached to it.

Not did he abuse his father's indulgence and princely liberality towards him. No son ever entertained a deeper feeling of veneration and love for a parent than did the youth of whom we are writing. The confidence and affection were mutual between them; and the boy was permitted unlimited use of his rich father's very lengthy purse. As the recognized friend of his son, Mr. Manfred, Senior, greeted the new-comer cordially, and bade him a hearty welcome, again, to the pleasures and hospitalities of Burton House.

"I shall require you to rest awhile, now," said the good old gentleman, kindly; "and no more yachting, boys, at present, do you hear?"

This caution was hardly necessary. They had quite enough of sea-life suffice them, for the season, at least.

The interior of Burton House, proper, was furnished and appointed in a style of elegance fully equal to the splendid fortune of its owner. The drawing and reception rooms—the great parlors and spacious dining hall—the picture gallery and library, all were superbly finished and decorated throughout. Old Manfred's income was immense, and, like the "fine old English gentleman," that he was, he spared no means or effort, to render his establishment worthy of its wide伸展.

Within a week, from the day of Wilford's arrival, a party of Londoners came down to make an old-style visit at Burton House. Servants, horses, carriages, hunters, dogs—all the appliances of enjoyment at the old mansion, were forthwith put in requisition for the entertainment of the guests, and a glorious time was in prospect.

Among the young ladies who formed a portion of this party was one Charlotte Simpson—to whom we must devote a paragraph, *a paucula*.

This lady was exceedingly fair to look upon, and her general manner was attractive. She belonged to a family of decayed nobility, and had only a name to subside on. She was the heir to a moderate fortune, in prospect, however—and, being under the protection of a rich uncle, who favored her, evidently, she did not lack admirers in plenty. But Miss Simpson was a butterfly—a heartless, spoiled coquette—beautiful in form and features, but aristocratic in all her ideas, and scornfully proud to the last degree. She came to Burton House to make a conquest. She had met with young Manfred, and she had ascertained his *pecunia* value!

Young Wilford was struck with beauty, and before he realized the consequences, or the importance of the step, he acknowledged to Manfred, junior, that he thought her an angel.

"She's a little flighty, miboy," replied his friend. "She roams in a region that you will scarcely reach, think I."

"Is she rich?" asked Wilford.

"No. She has some expectation, I hear, when some old aunt pops off; and I believe her uncle, who is with her, thinks her a saint; he is wealthy and may die at some time or other; though, by Jove! he looks very little like it now—to be sure," continued Manfred, pointing to a fine robust gentleman of fifty, who sat upon the lawn after a sumptuous dinner, enjoying the evening shade and air.

Manfred rallied his friend upon his confession, and endeavored to dissuade him from thinking further of the risky business. This only added fuel to the flame, and Wilford secretly determined upon pushing his pretensions further. He was charmed with Miss Simpson's manner and conversation, and was soon found in her train of admirers, a prominent and seemingly well-favoured gallant.

Parties succeeded party—balls and routs and rides, by night and day, filled up the entire time of the guests, and a more brilliant season never was passed at Burton House. In the midst of all this round of pleasure, Wilford was constantly brought into contact with Miss Simpson, who entranced him, infatuated him, completely. Her shafts were aimed at young Manfred, and

she attempted through his acknowledged friend, to reach the heart (or the hand, at least), of the youthful millionaire. But Wilford treated her with civility and courteous hospitality, only; he entertained not the slightest fancy for such a being, and she saw with mortification that her attempt to ensnare that bird was a signal failure.

The surprise and chagrin of young Wilford may be hardly imagined, however, when, upon a chance opportunity, as the guests were about to return to London, he ventured during their garden stroll to take the hand of Miss Simplot in his own, and hint to her his passion.

"Sir!" she exclaimed, as she scowled drew back her delicate fingers, and cast upon Wilford a gaze of affected aspersion, "you are really not serious!"

A artist declared his love, notwithstanding this rebuff.

"Then, sir," she continued, "you do not know me;" and leaving the young man to unravel these few rather expressive words, as she deemed them, the coquette passed quickly to the mansion, unattended.

"Laura," she said to her confidante, at evening, "who do you imagine kneels to me, to-day?"

"Upon my word, Charlotte, I cannot divine, you are so constantly surrounded with suitors. Was it Manfred?"

"No," replied Miss Simplot, "it was not Manfred."

"Who then?"

"Why, that insignificant friend of his—the young painter."

"Wilford?"

"Yes," said the beauty, contemptuously.

"And what did you say to him, pray?"

"Say? Nothing. I deemed him entirely beneath notice. When he told me he had dared to love me, I said 'Sir' and left him kneeling among the violets. He has neither name, nor fortune."

"But his talent is acknowledged, I hear."

"Nonsense, Laura. He is a dependent on Manfred's bounty. I was surprised at his presumption, though it cannot annoy me."

The following day the party broke up, and the Londoners departed. Wilford was pensive and thoughtful, but he kept his disappointment a secret.

CHAPTER VI

THE REJECTED SUITOR.

ALFRED WILFORD had been too sanguine and too self-confident, in his estimation of his own position and attractions. The dashing, ambitious Miss Simplot had no idea of "sacrificing" herself, as she was pleased to term it, to the questionable charge of a poor artist who had neither name, fame, nor gold! Her aim was higher; and, though she had led Wilford on by means of her flirring and coquetry, and encouraged him to propose, in order that she might boast of another victim to her proud caprice, she utterly flouted the idea of receiving him as a suitor for her hand.

"No, no, Laura," she added, surveying his handsome form and attractive face in the large mirror of her boudoir, "if he were a Von Bunn, a Matricio, or even a Hars—anybody who was known in the world, I might favor him, for really he is not a bad-looking man, and converses charmingly. But a Simplot would hardly answer for the wife of a poverty stricken artist, eh?"

"You will scarcely be troubled with importunity from him, I judge," replied her friend. "He has shown too much spirit for that, already."

"Spirit! Spirit in a poor painter! Why, Laura, I repeat it, Wilford is a dependent upon young Manfred, who buys his pictures—or whatever they can be called—for the sake of keeping the poor fellow's head above water, but who is aware, notwithstanding his continuous charity, that the young man has very little real talent."

"I think you are in error on this point," replied Laura. "I have heard Mr. Manfred remark that he had produced some very fine pictures; and the Duchess of Glenville has contracted with him, lately, for her portrait, I know."

"The Duchess! Are you sure of this?"

"O, yes. Her first lady-in-waiting informed me of it, a week since."

"I am sorry I did not know of this before—for Wilford has asked me, repeatedly, to sit to him for my picture."

"And you remember the handsome Lord Tuttisham, whom we encountered at Bath?"

"Perfectly well; and a charming gentleman he is, too."

"He is the brother-in-law of the duchess, you know!"

"Yes, and a gentleman of fortune."

"He, too, has ordered a picture of Wilford, recently. So that I think you will allow that he must have a degree of talent, in his way—for both his highness and the Tuttishams are really acknowledged connoisseurs."

"I was very well pleased, Laura, with his lordship, and he treated me with exceedingly gracious politeness. I will sit to Wilford for my portrait. It may prove of advantage—to the young artist, I mean," she quickly added.

Wilford was in his studio, at Dover, a few days after this conversation, engaged upon finishing up the elaborately painted drapery over the bust of the Duchess of Glenville's picture, who had honored him by sitting for her portrait. It was a very capital likeness, the coloring was without fault, and Lord Tuttisham had just given his opinion that it was admirably executed, when a rapping at the door was heard.

"Come in!" said Wilford.

A liveried servant entered, and handed the artist a note, which ran as follows:

"MR. WILFORD: You were polite enough to hint that you would like me to sit to you for my portrait. Let me know when it will be convenient and agreeable to you to call on me, for its commencement."

"I hope you have recovered from your little fit of passion, lately exhibited!"

"Respectfully, MISS SIMPLOT.

"Beckle Terrace, Tuesday."

This was a pretty piece of mockery for young Wilford! He could not comprehend it—but his mind had been previously made up in regard to the aristocratic Miss Simplot.

"It is all right," said Wilford, to the servant, after a moment's reflection. "There is no reply."

The servant bowed himself out, and returned to his mistress.

"Where is your answer to the note?" she inquired.

"The gentleman read it, and said 'there is no reply.'"

It was now Wilford's turn. As soon as he found leisure, the next day, he forwarded the annexed epistle to his mistress.

"MISS SIMPLOT.—Madame: Your note was received. I have been fully engrossed up to this hour, of late, in completing orders for a few pictures for her Grace the Duchess of Glenville, my Lord Tuttisham, Mr. Manfred and others, who honored me with calls. I am now about to leave England for the Continent, and shall not be able to attend to the commission proposed in yours of yesterday. Respectfully,

WILFORD."

The artist took care that this missive should find its way to Miss Simplot at an early hour, and having despatched it, he felt relieved.

He had really determined, however, to quit his present place of abode, with the design of visiting the schools of France and Germany, and to pass a few years, perhaps, in Italy, among the old masters. He would take out commissions from Manfred and other friends for several copies and originals, and he resolved to earn a name, or never return to his native isle.

Manfred had already sent to Beachy Head for the yacht, which had been brought up and docked for refitting. New rigging, a fresh suit of sails, and all the necessary accompaniments of furniture, etc., were put aboard, and when in complete trim once more, she was launched again, to be sent back to her new owner.

"Will you join us?" said Manfred to Wilford, when the boat was finally in readiness.

"Whither?"

"A strip down the coast."

"No, I thank you, miboy! No more boating for me."

"Nonsense! We are only going down to the light."

"What light?"

"Beachy Head—come along."

Nelly was an accomplished skipper had been engaged to pilot the "Walf" to her destination—Wilford was not opposed to visiting his friends, there—the weather was fine—he was no coward—he consented to go, upon Manfred's urgent solicitation.

An exceedingly pleasant voyage was that of the little party on this occasion. A fair wind met them in the channel, and they passed down the coast in gallant style from the outset, without change of tack or sheet. A small swell gun upon the bow of the "Walf" had been loaded for the purpose, and upon arriving abreast of the light-house, at nearly sunset, the sharp report it gave out, upon being discharged, aroused the occupants of the dwelling very quickly.

The English ensign was waving from the peak, a neat steamer flaunted out from her truck, and the yacht never looked prettier than she did at the moment when she hove-to under the high rock that jutted out into the sea, below old Noell's dwelling.

A light dory, occupied by two persons from the shore, quickly put out from the beach to receive the company, or to answer any questions that might be put, when the boat came within hailing distance—Harry Noell and Nelly were discovered, and three hearty ringing cheers went up from the lungs of the yacht company, for the light-keeper and his handsome daughter.

The greeting was cordial, on both sides. Noell was very agreeable—Nelly looked beautiful as ever—Wilford was full of gratitude and compliments—and Manfred was happy as a lord, because he saw everybody else so contented and joyful. The late owner of the "Walf" delivered the boat to the skipper, and was now returning across the beach, to convey the little company homeward. A bottle of Hockheline was circulated, health and long life to Noell and his daughter was drunk, in brimming bumper, and the party separated, to meet no more for many years, if ever!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARTIAL LAW IN CALIFORNIA.

Some of the members of the unlimited corps of soldiers and sailors appearing one day on parade in a state legislature on intoxication. They were ordered to fall into line. All obeyed the order but one, a Mr. P., well known to those who lived in 1846. Mr. P. backed against one of the men in his company, and said, "I can't stand that, sir, I have drawn up on my men." "Fall into ranks!" cried the captain. "I could not entertain the proposition; can't leave this post, sir."

"Fall into ranks, if you don't will take off your shirt, sir, and report me to the commanding officer, sir, it is a service," said P. The captain, however, with his sword, a long dragonone, and counting one, two, three (Mr. P. all the while remaining immovable), whirled it around him, and at the word three the men hung their heads in fear. "Fall into ranks!" cried the captain. "There is a specimen of what I can do; the next cut goes off the head. Will you fall into the ranks now, sir?" "Yes, sir, es—," said P. "I am not afraid, sir." The next cut was two, two, if done by a razor, and P. never winked eye when the captain made the blow.—*Pioneer.*

SCOTCH PRIDE OF BIRTH.

Bannister used to tell a story of his having been introduced, with Mrs. Bannister, to an elderly Scotchman of high notions, and not improbably, from circumstances, the prototype of Colman's Lady Lucretia M'Tab, for she was "proudly poor and plucky poor," and a drop of noble blood in the veins of poor Lucretia was served to the Scotchman, who might have been the author of their chara—er—escutcheons. After the presentation had taken place, the lady asked a wit of the day, who was present, "Who are the Bannisters?" "They are the Stairns," said the Scotchman. "Yes," said the Scotchman, "they are good indeed; they are closely connected with the Stairns." Q. said Lady Lucretia, "a very ancient family of Ayrshire, dates back to 1450; I am delighted to see your friends."—*English Journal.*

Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TRUST IN GOD.

BY WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.

How many precious hours are lost
In sorrowing and repining!
Imaginary evils cost
The mind to woes inclining,
More of its bitterness and tears,
Than real ills which haunt our fears.

How often the spirit o'en steals
Dark thoughts of coming woe,
The future—may it be for woe,
Or—not—who here can know?
But as thy day, thy strength shall be!
This promise sweet should comfort thee.

What though Death's angel broods o'er
Thy soul, with phantom grim!
Let fears invade thy breast no more,
Cast all thy cares on Him;
For He is the Saviour of the dead;
Yes, trust in Him, whatever betide.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A SHRUG OF THE SHOULDERS.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

A shrug of the shoulders can do, and often does, a great deal of mischief. Everybody remembers the maxim that actions speak louder than words; and so a curl of the lip, a meaning look, or a significant gesture, may have as much effect upon the observer as a vocally expressed sentiment. There is more to be understood, sometimes, from the manner of speaking than from the mere words made use of. A shake of the head may express more doubt than the strongest language; while one indolent smile is oftentimes more offensive than a flat contradiction or open opposition. A mother threatens her little son with punishment. He hears plainly enough, but be judge of her earnestness by the tone in which she speaks, rather than by what she says. It is very much so with "children of a larger growth."

The following incident illustrates what we mean.

"You remember the ring I usually wear?" observed Mrs. Winn, in the presence of a neighbor.

"I do; it contained some of a deceased sister's hair, I believe," was the response of Miss Spencer.

"Yes; it is chiefly on that account that I value it so highly. Well, yesterday morning I had occasion to do some starching, and not wishing to wet the ring, I took it off, and laid it carefully on the window-seat. I was called from the room unexpectedly, to wait upon some company, and quite forgot the circumstance; but when I recalled it, an hour afterwards, and went to look for the ring, it was not where I had left it. I searched the room thoroughly, moving every article of furniture, but unsuccessfully. It is a mystery to me what has become of it."

"Singular, certainly," said Miss Spencer.

"You don't keep help, I think you said?" she added, immediately.

Mrs. Winn replied in the negative.

"You rent some rooms, do you not?" the neighbor continued.

"A widow lady and her daughter occupy four," returned Mrs. Winn, wondering to what all this questioning tended.

"And they employ an Irish girl?" Miss Spencer resumed.

"Yes."

"Does she come into your kitchen?"

"Not often—seldom without an errand."

"Have you any reason to suppose she was in yesterday morning, while you were in another room?" Mrs. Winn mused a moment.

"I think she must have been," she said, at length, "for, upon reflection, I recollect that I found a bowl of sugar upon the table, that the family borrowed of me a week since."

"And the table stood near the window on which laid your ring?"

"Just beside it."

Miss Spencer shrugged her shoulders most expressively.

"But you don't mean to say—"

"I said nothing, my dear Mrs. Winn," interrupted the lady, with a light laugh, as she rose to leave; "but I certainly wish you may be fortunate enough to find your ring."

Mrs. Winn was perplexed, but when her natural goodness of heart charitably pleaded for Catherine, that insinuating shrug of the shoulders rose up before her, and frightened away better visitors. Miss Spencer's leaves was at work.

When Mrs. Pierce returned home, her domestic looked so anxious and sorrowful, that she could not help pitying her.

"I did not find the ring, but if I had, I could not have been much more astonished than at discovering this in such a place," the lady remarked, unrolling the shawl before its owner.

"Please don't be angry, ma'am," implored Mrs. Pierce, who was at a loss to know what she had done.

"Catherine said you was not in the room at the time, and so she placed the sugar on the table," added the other, and then made a remark on another subject, apparently thinking the matter over.

One point was settled; Catherine—and she alone—had been in the kitchen during her (Mrs. Winn's) temporary absence. There was only circumstantial evidence, it was true; but the train of thought set in motion by Miss Spencer's suggestive shrug, ran rapidly to this conclusion—that the girl had purloined the ring. Under these impressions she decided to speak freely to Mrs. Pierce.

"You believe Catherine to be perfectly honest, do you not?" she remarked, after a pause.

"I have no reason to think otherwise. Why do you ask?" was the somewhat surprised rejoinder. Mrs. Winn explained, and the probabilities and possibilities of Catherine's guilt were fully discussed between the two ladies. Both agreed that her behaviour and general appearance spoke strongly in her favor, but each also admitted that appearances could not always be trusted. Mrs. Pierce was inclined to think that the ring had rolled off the window to the floor, into some corner or cranny, and been overlooked. She recommended another close search before any farther steps were taken. To this Mrs. Winn made no objections, although certain that it would be fruitless; and so the event proved.

The girl's employer was much disturbed. She was a kind-hearted, considerate woman, and well knew it was no light thing to charge a person with theft. If proved, it would destroy her reputation for honesty, give her a name which eventually might be the means of inducing to crime of greater magnitude. Moreover, she liked Catherine. She had tried her integrity—tested her principles—put her power of resisting temptation to the proof, and she had invariably passed the ordeal triumphantly. At heart, Mrs. Pierce believed her innocent; but Mrs. Winn (who was more influenced by Miss Spencer's criminal shrug than she would have been willing to admit) looked dismally, shook her head dubiously, and so the former reluctantly questioned the girl, in a kind and judicious way. She earnestly declared her innocence—protected with tears that she had no knowledge of the missing article.

Her straight-forward manner, the frankness she manifested, and the grief she seemed to feel at the unpleasant situation in which she was placed, inclined her mistress to think that she really spoke truth, notwithstanding appearances were against her.

"I expected she would deny it, as there is no positive proof against her. I learned this to day, nevertheless, that confirms my previous impressions. Catherine was seen to go into a pawn-broker's shop the evening of the same day that the ring disappeared, which looks to me rather suspicious," said Mrs. Winn, after Mrs. Pierce had concluded the report of the girl's examination.

This new aspect of the case sorely troubled this good lady. What business had Catherine at a pawn-broker's? The shadow of a doubt crept into her mind, as she returned to her own apartment, and again sought her domestic, to see what would be the effect of this new discovery.

"Now Catherine," said Mrs. Pierce, gently, "when she had repeated what had been told her, 'you must be aware that this is strong presumptive evidence that you went to the broker's to exchange something for money. I have no wish to deal harshly with the erring, who may, in a moment of weakness, have yielded to temptation; so if you will candidly tell me all about it and restore the ring to Mrs. Winn, in consideration of your youth and previous good conduct, I will overlook this, I trust, first delinquency.'

"In truth, ma'am, I didn't take the ring. I wouldn't state the world I sobbed Catherine, who was now crying bitterly.

"Why were you in the broker's, then?" kindly asked her mistress.

"Indade, I can't tell you, ma'am!"

"Ah, Catherine, I fear you are deceiving me," said Mrs. Pierce, with a half-sad, half-displeased look. But the girl persisted in her first statement, nor could she be induced to confess why she had visited a pawn-broker. The lady felt disappointed, and wished somewhat vexed at what she termed a foolish obstinacy, and putting on her bonnet accompanied Mrs. Winn to the place where Catherine had been seen entering.

The former minutely described the latter, but the proprietor, among his many customers, could not remember any such person, and failed to find, among his heterogeneous possessions, the article they were in search of. But he turned to his books, and there found an entry of a shawl, under the name of "Mahon," which Mrs. Pierce recognized as Catherine's surname. The shawl was produced, which she also identified as one she had given the girl some months before. Consequently, she had no reason to be angry.

"Mrs. Pierce was perplexed, but when her natural goodness of heart charitably pleaded for Catherine, that insinuating shrug of the shoulders rose up before her, and frightened away better visitors. Miss Spencer's leaves was at work.

Catherine—"The child at home hasn't no shoes to their feet this cold bitter weather, an' the man give me three dollars, an' promised to let me have the shawl ag'in as soon as I pay'd him this an' next week's alrains, with a little bit in money I've save'd from my wages. Don't think, ma'am, that I'd be after lettin' him have it intirely."

This, then, was the secret of the pawned shawl. Mrs. Pierce could not bear thinking, as she listened to the simple explanation, that the girl would voluntarily practise self-denial for the benefit of her little brothers and sisters, and prefer to be a thief rather than run the risk of offending her employer by confessing the rather questionable use she had made of her girl.

She would hardly be guilty of the rash laid to her door. But this benevolent supposition was not sustained by Mrs. Winn, who, however, as nothing more could be done, dispensed the subject.

The object of her mistrust soon found that suspicion was about as bad as conviction; doves were closed that had been kept open; doors locked that had never been locked before; keys turned and taken out of drawers containing valuable articles; and, on the part of Mrs. Winn, a cold

distant manner totally unlike her former kind treatment. In her employer there was no very perceptible change, although almost unconsciously to herself, Mrs. Pierce did withdraw a little of her confidence. In fact, it is so morally impossible to suspect a person of any wrong doings, without, in a measure, making it evident. This, to a sensitive mind, is exceedingly galling; and Catherine Mahan, who happened to be considerably superior to most of her class, realized it to the fullest extent. She bore this *expostive* for several weeks, when she signified her wish to procure another place. Mrs. Pierce understood the motive that prompted the proposed change, and fully concurred with her that it would be for the best, yet sincerely sorry to part with a domestic with whom she was so well satisfied.

Catherine did not find it an easy task to get a permanent situation, though furnished with a written recommendation, which Mrs. Winn was certain she did not deserve. Some how or other the story of the lost ring had unaccountably got noise about, and if anything happened to be missing, suspicion always fastened upon her. She met a bad name at every turn, which naturally discouraged her efforts, and weakened her good resolutions.

Some three months had elapsed, and Mrs. Winn gave up all hope of ever seeing her ring again. The family believed that Catherine Mahan had parloured it, not even hesitating to say so.

One day a gentleman friend gave her little son of three a gold coin to play with. The child looked at it a moment, and then mounting a chair, deliberately dropped it into a little "bank," which already contained a quantity of pennies. Both mother and visitor smiled at this instance of juvenile appropriation, while the former rose, and pacifying the boy with the promise of a new one, forced off the top of the receptacle for getting out the gold piece. There lay the latter, and just beside it—her lost ring! A discovery, indeed! The mischievous little Harry had been the thief, and not Catherine Mahan, who had been made to suffer unjustly for his childish pranks. What a lesson for pre-judges!

Mrs. Winn lost no time in repairing, so far as she was able, the mischief she had been instrumental in causing. This she could only do in part, for her error was not wholly remediable. Catherine Mahan was fully exculpated from the charge preferred against her, reports injurious to her character were contradicted, and the mystery cleared up. Mrs. Pierce gladly received her back into her family, resolving, in future, never to let suspicion, in any degree, usurp the place of conviction, or give mere circumstantial evidence that importance which is not warranted by justice.

Mrs. Spencer betrayed much sensitiveness on the subject of the lost ring, clearly disliking to have the master mentioned. She very well knew that Mrs. Winn had been biased by her observations, but she had not the heart to confess her mistake. Do not forget it, reader, all this talk and trouble were occasioned by a simple

A SHRUG OF THE SHOULDERS.

A COURTEOUS GENTLEMAN.

A tradesman, living in the Rue St. Honore, possessed a young pretty wife, who was passionately fond of the society of men, but being continually occupied in business, had no time to indulge her.

A few days ago, she got a ticket for the Porte St. Martin, telling him that it had been given to her, asking him to accompany her. He protestingly said, when she was unable to go. The wife, who was *en grande toilette*, was furious at her disappointment, but determined not to be balked, she made her servant accompany her. On leaving the theatre, they were followed by two rough men, who were very insolent. To escape them she called a cab which was passing, but the coachman made a sign that he had some one in the vehicle. She was turning away, when the cab stopped, and an elderly man, who was just mounted from it, said, "I am, ladies," he said with a low bow, "that you are annoyed by two insolent fellows. Deign to accept this cab—I will seek for another."

The tradeswoman accepted the offer, and the cabman drove off. Arrived at her own residence, she stopped, and asked if there was time to pay.

"215 francs," said the woman.

"What! 215 francs?" said the tradeswoman in astonishment. "Why you have only come from the Porte St. Denis—and have not been half an hour on the way?"

"Do you talk nonsense?" said the cabman, rudely. "I have been driving the gentleman about since morning. But where is he? Disappeared!"

On discovering that his fare really had disappeared, the man thought the woman was in connivance with him to cheat him, and he became very insolent. The poor tradeswoman had not money enough to satisfy his demand, and he gave her an hour to pay him back.

"When is to pass the whole night in the grand boulevard de la Madeleine, and were not released until the next morning, when the tradesman claimed them, and indemnified the coachman. The tradeswoman vowed she will never go to the play again without her husband.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

COLLEGE EXAMINATION.

Was William Penn the inventor of writing? Where was the celebrated gunpowder plot situated, it was a green plain? Who was the greatest man of the last century?

Was Pitt the deepest politician of his day? When a youth is said to be "fond of the weed," does it mean chickweed?

Is buckwheat a particularly smart looking grain?

Does it follow that potatoes are suicides because they shoot out their eyes?

Are the people of Gaul very bitter in their disposition?

Are payment flags stone-colored?

What is the ordinary size of a garden "box"?

Has wild thyme anything to do with the idle moments of youth?

Does being "canalized" mean being blown to pieces?—*American Courier.*

ASTRONOMY'S CONQUESTS IN 1854.

Professor Challis announces, that the conquest of Astronomy

The Flag of our Union.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE DYING MOSLEM.

BY WILLIAM MATHER.

The evening sun had set his golden beams
Over Alm's plain, and robed in gorgeous hues
The beauteous landscape and swift running streams,
And forest trees now damp with sparkling dew.
The sun, in passing through his daily course,
Had witnessed many a scene of deadly strife;
The Turk, contending with the northern host,
And warry guy with the tide of life.

*Twas in his tent a dying Moslem lay;
A follower of the Crescent, bold and true;
With his spear he had won many a glorious day;
A dark and gloomy pall around him threw.
Stretched on a pallet 'neath the tent's dark folds,
His breath now spent, the life-blood oozing fast,
The Moslem prays; while oft his dying thoughts
Now dwell on sweet remembrance of the past.*

*Alas, great father of the Universe,
Unto thy hands I now commit my soul;
Mahomet, prophet of the living God,
Unto thy bosom my poor spirit fold.
Thus spake the Moslem hero as he lay
Dying in fancy on the heavenly throne;
His voice grew hoarse, his limbs became more stiff and quiver;
The sun went down, and Acrel claimed his own.*

*The wind sighed mournfully 'mongst the forest trees,
As though in sorrow for the warrior brave;
And Nature sang her requies on the breeze,
While moaning over the dead form of her grave.
And as the sun did sink far down the sky,
Over Alm's battle-field deep-dyed with gore;
Her spirit has left its heavenward flight,
The sun his battle-cry shall hear no more.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MISS HENDERSON'S THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

THANKSGIVING DAY dawned clearly and frostily upon the little village of Castleton Hollow. The stage, which connected daily with the nearest railroad station—for as yet Castleton Hollow had not arrived at the dignity of one of its own—came fully freighted both inside and out. There were children and children's children, who, in the pursuit of fortune, had strayed away from the houses where they first saw the light, but who were now returning to revive around the old familiar hearth the associations and recollections of their early days.

Groans were the preparations among the housewives of Castleton Hollow. That must indeed be a poor household which, on this occasion, could not boast its turkey and plum pudding, those well-established dishes, not to mention its long rows of pies—apple, mince and pumpkin—with the Thanksgiving board is wont to be garnished.

But it is not of the households generally that I propose to speak. Let the reader accompany me in imagination to a rather prim-looking brick mansion, situated on the principal street, but at some distance back, being separated from it by a front yard. Between this yard and the fence, ran a prim-looking hedge of very formal cutting, being cropped in the most careful manner, lest one twig should by chance have the presumption to grow higher than its kindred. It was a two-story house, containing in each story one room on either side of the front door, making, of course, four in all.

If we go in, we shall find the outward primitiveness well supported by the appearance of things within. In the front parlor—we may peep through the door, but it would be high treason in the present moistened state of our boots, to step within its sacred precincts—there are six high backed chairs standing in state, two at each window. One can easily see from the general arrangement of the furniture, that from romping children, unceremonious kittens, and unallowed intruders generally, this room is most sacredly guarded.

Without speaking particularly of the other rooms, which, though not furnished in so stately a manner, bear a family resemblance to "the best room," we will usher the reader into the opposite room, where he will find the owner and occupant of this prim-looking residence.

Courteous reader, Miss Hetty Henderson. Miss Hetty Henderson, let me make you acquainted with this lady (or gentleman), who is desirous of knowing you better.

Miss Hetty Henderson, with whom the reader has just passed through the ceremony of introduction, is a maiden of some thirteen or five summers, attired in a sober looking dress, of irreproachable neatness, but most formal cut. She is the only occupant of the house, of which likewise she is proprietor. Her father, who was the village physician, died some ten years since, leaving to Hetty, or perhaps I should give her full name, Henrietta, his only child, the house in which he lived, and some four thousand dollars in bank stock, on the income of which she lived very comfortably.

Somehow, Miss Hetty had never married, though, such is the mercenary nature of man, the rumor of her inheritance brought to her feet several suitors. But Miss Hetty had resolved never to marry—at least, this was her invariable answer to matrimonial offers, and so after a time it came to be understood that she was fixed for life—an old maid. What reasons impelled her to this course were not known, but possibly the reader will be furnished with a clue before this narrative.

Meanwhile, the invariable effect of a single and solitary life combined, attended Hetty. She grew pale, prim and methodical to a painful degree. It would have been quite a relish if one could have detected a stray thread even upon her well-swept carpet, but such was never the case.

On this particular day—this Thanksgiving day of which we are speaking—Miss Hetty had completed her culinary preparations, that is, she had stuffed her turkey, and put it in the oven, and kneaded her pudding, for though but one would be present at the dinner, and that herself, her conscience would not have acquitted her, if she had not made all the preparations to which she had been accustomed on such occasions.

This done, she sat down to her knitting, casting a glance every now and then at the oven to make sure that all was going on well. It was a quiet morning, and Miss Hetty began to think the clicking of her knitting needles.

"After all," thought she, "it's rather solitary taking dinner alone, and that on Thanksgiving day. I remember a long time ago, when my father was living, and my brother and sisters, what a merry time we used to have round the table. But they are all dead, and I—I alone am left."

Miss Hetty sighed, but after a while the recollections of those old times returned. She tried to shake them off, but they had a fascination about them after all, and would not give her bidding.

"There used to be another there," thought she, "Nick Anderson. He, too, I fear, is dead."

Hetty heaved a thoughtful sigh, and a faint color came into her cheeks. She had reason.

This Nicholas Anderson had been a medical student, apprenticed to her father, or rather placed with him to be prepared for his profession. He was, perhaps, a year older than Hetty, and had regarded her with more than ordinary warmth of affection. He had, in fact, proposed to her, and had been conditionally accepted, on a year's probation. The trouble was, he was a little disposed to be wild, and being naturally of a lively and careless temperament, did not exercise sufficient discrimination in the choice of his associates.

Hetty had loved him as warmly as one of her nature could love. She was not one who would be drawn away beyond the dictate of reason and judgment by the force of affection. Still it was without a feeling of deep sorrow—deeper than her calm manner led him to suspect—that at the end of the year's probation, she informed Anderson that the result of his trial was not favorable to his suit, and that henceforth he must give up all thoughts of her.

To his vehement asseverations, promises and protestations, she returned the same steady and inflexible answer, and, at the close of the interview, he left her, quite as full of indignation against her as of grief for his rejection.

That night his clothing was packed up, and lowered from the window, and when the next morning dawned it was found that he had left the house, and was as intimated in a slight note and sealed and left on the table in his room, never to return again.

While Miss Henderson's mind was far back in the past, she had not observed the approach of a man, shabbily attired, accompanied by a little girl, apparently some eight years of age. This little girl bore the impress of many cares and hardships. The little girl was of delicate appearance, and an occasional shiver showed that her garments were too thin to protect her sufficiently from the inclemency of the weather.

"This is the place, Henrietta," said the traveler at length, pausing at the head of the gravelled walk which led up to the front door of the prim-looking brick house.

Together they entered, and a moment afterwards, just as Miss Hetty was preparing to lay the cloths for dinner, a knock sounded through the house.

"Goodness!" said Miss Hetty, fuddled, "who can it be that wants to see me at this hour?"

Smoothing down her apron, and giving a look at the glass to make sure that her hair was in order, she hastened to the door.

"Will it be asking too much, madam, to request a seat by your fire for myself and little girl for a few moments? It is very cold."

Miss Hetty could feel that it was cold. Somehow, too, the appealing expression of the little girl's face touched her, so she threw the door wide open, and bade them enter.

Miss Hetty went on preparing the table for dinner. A most delightful odor issued from the oven, one door of which was open, lest the turkey should overdo. Miss Hetty could not help observing the winsome glace cast by this little girl towards the tempting dish as she placed it on the table.

"Poor little creature," thought she, "I suppose it is a long time since she has had a good dinner."

Then the thought struck her: "Here I am alone to eat all this. There is plenty enough for half a dozen. How much these poor people would wish it."

By this time the table was arranged.

"Sir," said she, "turning to the traveler, "you look as if you were hungry as well as cold. If you and your little daughter would like to sit up, I should be happy to have you."

"Thank you, madam," was the grateful reply. "We are hungry, and shall be much indebted to your kindness."

It was rather a novel situation for Miss Hetty, sitting at the head of the table, dispensing food to others beside herself. There was something rather agreeable about it.

"Why you have some of the dressing, little girl—I have to call you that, for I don't know your name," she added, in an inquiring tone.

"Her name is Henrietta, but I generally call her Hetty," said the traveler.

"What?" said Miss Hetty, dropping the spoon in surprise.

"She was named after a very dear friend of mine," said he, sighing.

"May I ask," said Miss Hetty, with execrable curiosity, "what was the name of this friend. I begin to feel quite an interest in your little girl," she added, half apologetically.

"Her name was Henrietta Henderson," said the stranger.

"Why, that is my name," ejaculated Miss Hetty.

"And she was named after you," said the stranger, compositely.

"Why, who in the world are you?" she asked, her heart beginning to beat unmercifully fast.

"Then you don't remember me?" he said, rising, and looking steadily at Miss Hetty. "You knew me well in bygone days—noot better. At one time it was thought you would have joined your destiny to mine!"

"Nick Anderson!" said Miss Hetty, rising in confusion.

"And he was named after you," said the stranger, compositely.

"Why, who in the world are you?" she asked, her heart beginning to beat unmercifully fast.

"Then you don't remember me?" he said, rising, and kneading her pudding, for though but one would be present at the dinner, and that herself, her conscience would not have acquitted her, if she had not made all the preparations to which she had been accustomed on such occasions.

"You are right. You rejected me, because you did not feel secure of my principles. The next day, in despair at your refusal, I left the house, and, ere forty-eight hours had passed, was on my way to India. I had not formed the design of going to India in particular, but in my then state of mind I cared not whether I went.

One resolution I formed, that I would prove by my conduct that your apprehensions were ill-founded. I got into a profitable business. In time I married—not that I had forgotten you, but that I was solitary and needed company. I had ceased to hope for yours. By-and-by a daughter was born. True to my old love, I named her Hetty, and pleased myself with the thought that she bore some resemblance to you. Since then, my wife has died, misfortunes have come upon me, and I found myself deprived of all my property.

"I have returned, as you see, Nick Anderson. I am still, and I hope to be, a man of property.

"White Nicholas was speaking, Miss Hetty's mind was filled with conflicting emotions. At length, extending her hand, she said:

"I feel that I was too hasty, Nicholas. I should have tried you longer. But at least I may repair my injustice. I have enough for all.

"You shall come and live with me."

"I can only accept your generous offer on one condition," said Nicholas.

"What is that?"

"That you will be my wife!"

"A vivid blush came over Miss Hetty's countenance. She couldn't think of such a thing, she said. Nevertheless, an hour afterward the two united lovers had fixed upon the marriage day.

The house does not look so prim as it used to do. The yard is redolent with many fragrant flowers; the front door is half open, revealing a little girl playing with a kitten.

"Hetty," said a matronly lady, "you have got the hall of yore all over the floor. What would your father say if he should see it?"

"Never mind, mother, it was only kitty that did it."

Marriage has filled up a void in the heart of Miss Hetty. Though not so prim, or perhaps careful, as she used to be, she is a good deal happier. Three hearts are siled with thankfulness at every return of Miss HENDERSON'S THANKSGIVING DAY.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE WINDS OF NOVEMBER.

BY MRS. SARAH K. DAWRE.

The winds of November, how bleak and cold! They sweep in their wrath o'er valley and hill; They moan through the trees and chant a wild lay, In numbers so mournful o'er Nature's decay.

The leaves of the forest, they scatter like rain; And chill the last flower that blooms on the plain; The hearts of the poor they cause them to fail, As they howl in the storm or shriek in the gale.

Over Nature they spread her mere-sheet of death, And freeze all her streams with their merciless breath; With the palsy of winter they shake her thin form, And whisper, "Prepare for the season of storm."

Ye winds of November, though ferocious ye blow, Ye are held in the hand of our Maker, we know; He sends you in love, to pierce and cold, And tembers your hands to the snab of his cold.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WILLIE'S AND BENNY'S RAINY HOLIDAYS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"O, O! HURRAH, hurrah!" shouted little Willie Grange, as he scampered out of the school-yard at four o'clock Friday afternoon, "to-morrow's Saturday, and Iant I glad. Nothing but play all day long. Lots of fun I'll have, if I—if—but here his grieved tone was hushed, and with an anxious eye he gazed upon the western horizon. "O dear," exclaimed he, earnestly, after a few moments of silence, "I'm so afraid it'll rain." But it's kind of lonesome, after all, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. It's a good time, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up in my room, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one noise till I know she's fairly to

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

For Terms of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, \$20 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See Imprint on last page.

* * * All correspondence, news, &c., to be addressed to M. M. BALLOU, BOSTON, Mass., proprietor of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, post paid.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

In the Imperial's Straightway," a story by JAMES COKE, Jr.

"I never thought—or could I Nelly's lesson," a tale by MARY HOWITT.

Marked and Numbered; or, a Cure of the Oyster Cholera," a humorous sketch by JAMES, JR.

"A Day in the Life of a Fisherman," a story by G. PUTMAN UPTON.

"The Frost Angel," a verse by CLARA GREENE DUNN.

"Cottage," poem by GILBERT LE FEVRE.

"Kindred Spirits," stanza by FREDERICK J. KESTER.

"To a Star," lines by WALTER H. COOPER.

ARTICLES RECEIVED.

"Night Watcher," "An Angel descended from Heaven,"

"A Farewell Serenade," "Rather Circumloc in Love,"

"I'm here for the love of the Lord come from the South,"

"I'll go to the Moon," "Friend after Friend departs,"

"Separation," "Past, Present, and Future," "Dignity," and

"Memories."

THE FASHIONS.

Who would be out of the fashion—yet who can give a reason for most of the fashions he or she adopts? The grand desideratum with the framers of our "lendings" seems generally to be, to render them as unfit as possible for the purpose, that they should fail. One will hardly dispute that the real object of a bonnet is to cover the head—but a lady will deny that it is the height of *mauvais ton* just now to wear a bonnet on the head. They are now graceful decorations to the back of the neck, admirably contrasted, in rainy weather, to collect the "pelt of the pitiless storm." With such an article of dress at one extremity and a pair of kid slippers at the other, a lady is certainly well prepared to face the rigors of our northern climate.

But it must be confessed that gentlemen are equally well prepared to meet the eccentric rudeness of the winter. The male Talma stops some inches short of the extremity of the coat-flap, probably to show the quality of that garment and the tenacity of the legs that support the person of the exquisite. And in order to show the logical harmony of the fashion, we have surtouts with the waists gradually creasing to the shoulders, and skirts emulating the "street-sweepers" worn by the ladies. The rage for pictorial embellishment has invaded pantomony. Some exquisite wear pictured umbrellas upon either leg: others rejoice in a display of foliage, with pumpkin vines twining round their nether limbs, and decorating their waistband.

We saw one gentleman the other day with his legs full of window-sashes—another perambulated quite a vintage. It may be, there are other more magnificent combinations of nature and art, but to our taste, a young man about town, with his shirt bosom and collar covered with alternate trotting-horses and figurines, an almost tailless sack with enormous hanging sleeves, a horticultural pair of pantaloons, and boots of the newest fashion, is one of the most striking spectacles which modern civilization can present. With what a thrill of delight must his mother realize the fact that he is "out"!

How enviously must those little gentlemen in shabby red uniforms who reside upon the summit of hand-organs, eye him as he passes! But above all, what fell exertion must that gorgeous figure do on the hearts of the piles of flounces and pretty bare heads that sail along Washington Street, in all the glory of fashion! Can there be those who forewear the worship of the divinity, and rail against her edicts? Far, far from us, ye profane ones! We cannot countenance rebellion so flagrant.

FLAG OF OUR UNION.

We shall commence the new volume of "The Flag of our Union" the first of January, in new type, and with a chaste and beautiful new head, and otherwise much improved in every department. A series of brilliant stories and novelties will be issued from the pen of old and new contributors, and the intrinsic value of this widely circulated paper will be vastly increased. A fine quality of paper will be used in its publication, and altogether a vast improvement will be manifested throughout every department. Next week we shall issue a programme of our plan for the new year.

Remember, the Pictorial and Flag are sent together for four dollars per annum.

SUBSCRIBE EARLY.—Let our patrons remember to renew their subscriptions on the Flag at the earliest moment. Four more numbers will complete the volume. Last January we printed eighty thousand of the paper, and yet were obliged to entirely reset it, and publish a second edition, which being exhausted, large numbers were disappointed in procuring the work complete. Send in your subscriptions, therefore, early, that we may guarantee our edition accordingly.

INTERESTING ITEM.—In the study in which the celebrated Dr. Jonathan Edwards composed his famous treatise on the Freedom of the Will was but six feet square, and has often been gazed at with no little wonder that so small a space had limited the body of an advocate of the freedom of the will. The house of which this box formed a part is still standing.

POLITE.—"I do not wish to say anything against the individual in question," said a polite and accomplished gentleman upon a certain occasion. "But I would merely remark, in the language of a poet that to him, 'truth is stranger than fiction.'"

BOTH PAPERS.—In renewing subscriptions upon the Flag and Pictorial, let our readers remember that by enclosing four dollars they obtain both papers for one year.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL FOR THE NEW YEAR.

We are perfecting arrangements to commence the eighth volume of our illustrated journal on the first of January in a style of real excellence which it has never yet equalled. In the first place, to secure this result, we shall issue the "Pictorial" through the coming year on a quality of paper far superior to any heretofore used, and which will be continued without change. In addition to this, the character of the illustrations will be greatly elevated and improved, and from one to two hundred more engravings given annually, one whole extra page being devoted to this purpose. More local and timely pictures will be introduced, and a true spirit of art infused through this popular journal.

A fresh corps of artists and engravers of the first class in their profession—several newly arrived from Europe—are already engaged upon elaborate and beautiful designs for the paper, and its literary department will number among its contributors some of the best male and female writers in the country. In our next number we shall give a programme of our plan, and in the mean time our patrons may anticipate an illustrated journal for the new year, that shall not be excelled, if equalled in the old or new world. It will be seen that our terms will remain the same as heretofore, and that persons forming clubs of sixteen will receive a gratis copy.

Subscribe early, and secure the work complete.

THE MORMON TEMPLE.

The great Mormon temple which the Mormons are building at the city of Salt Lake, is described as being a wonderful structure, covering an area of 21,850 square feet. The plot on which it is located is forty rods square, and contains ten acres of ground, around which a lofty wall has already been erected, to be surrounded by an iron railing manufactured by the Mormons themselves at their iron works in Iron County, Utah Territory. The temple building will have a length of one hundred and eighty-three, and a half feet east and west, including to the rear, of which there are three at the east end, and three at the west, and the width will be nineteen-and-a-half feet. The northern and southern walls are eight feet thick. The towers spoken of above are circular, surmounted by octagon turrets and pinnacles, and having inside spiral stairways leading to the battlements. Beside these, there are four other towers on the four principal corners of the building, square in form, and terminating in spires. On the west end will be placed in alto relieve the great Diaper and Urna Major. As regards the interior arrangements, there will be in the basement a baptismal font, fifty-seven feet long by thirty-five wide, and on the first floor, a large hall one hundred and twenty feet long by eighty wide, while on the third floor will be another of the same size, besides numerous other rooms for various purposes. Around the outside of the building will be a promenade from eleven to twenty-two feet wide.

A SECOND ADVENT STORY.—A correspondent at Manchester, N. H., says that a few days since a lady in that vicinity and a friend believe in the doctrine of the Millenaries, went—proprietor to her ascension on the 1st ult.—to bid an aged relative an affectionate farewell. The Millenite upon taking leave, told the old lady with much solemnity that on the morrow she should "give up." Her relative, whose sense of hearing is not very acute, nor quite understanding, got to the place to which her young friend was bound, exclaimed with an earnestness and simplicity peculiar to aged people, "Well, Sir, you will come down again at Thanksgiving!"

INCIDENT ROMANCE.—The Detroit Advertiser says that on Thursday last, a rough-looking character walked into a prominent clothing store in Detroit, remarking that he wished to look round and see where the best goods were, he intended to break in there that night and help himself. The clerks laughed, and allowed him to look as much as he wished. When night came, sure enough the store was broken into, the cashier's draw robbed of \$150 in cash, and \$700 worth of nice clothing carried away. Nothing has since been heard of the rascal.

CLERICAL STRIKE.—At Urbana, Ohio, recently on a Sabbath, the bell of the Presbyterian church rang the second time—the congregation sat waiting and waiting, but no minister came. After the lapse of about half an hour, a note was handed to one of the elders, who arose and read it to the congregation. It was from the minister, who said he would not preach any more till his salary was paid up.

DECLINE OF REAL ESTATE.—We observe a great decline, rapidly extending, in real estate in New York. New stores in Chambers Street, and the neighborhood, says the Post, which could only be rented on the 1st of May at \$800 per year, are now offered at a yearly rental of \$400, with no taken.

PRODUCTIVE FARMING.—Mr. Austin Benham, of Waterford, New London County, N. Y., has raised this year on fourteen acres of land, twelve hundred and fifty bushels of shelled corn. The corn was of the variety called the Rhode Island White.

THE CENSUS.—The Louisville Courier says that the census returns four cattle-dealers and five horse dealers, as being the whole number engaged in these occupations in the State of Kentucky!

LIKENESS OF MISS JULIA DEAN.—Messrs. Massey & Silsbee have been very successful in their crystallotype likenesses of Julia Dean, the favorite actress.

HOGS VERSUS SHEEP.—The number of hogs in the United States is said to exceed that of sheep by nearly ten millions.

EDITORIAL INKDRIPS.

The price of four is still tending downward, both here and in New York.

There are 255 men employed in shipbuilding in Chelsea, Mass.

The fewest words that will convey a man's ideas are generally the right ones.

A large amount of iron ore has been found in the valley of the Platte River in Nebraska.

Steambarks between Portland and New York are taken off.

We must always judge of the generality of the opinion by the voice of the accusation.

Five members of the Canadian parliament are natives of the United States.

John Timms died at Howard, Md., of joy at the return of his son from California.

There is increasing not only something of dignity, but a great deal of prudence too.

A great fallacy in building operations, is noted in New York.

Salt is extensively found in the southern district of the State of California.

Gen. Tom Thumb has taken up his residence with Mr. Barnum, at Stamford, Connecticut.

There was a snow storm in Utah, on the 20th ult., says the Desert News.

Sabastopol is now one of the deepest blood-stained fields probably of all Europe.

It is feared that the U. S. sloop-of-war Decatur has been lost, near Rio Janeiro.

Mr. Forster's engagement in Boston proves his remarkable ability and popularity.

William Freeman hung himself "all for love" at Hoboken—the foolish fellow.

By recent loss of the ship New Era, some 260 persons perished.

The lecture season has opened brilliantly in the country towns of the State.

A gentleman's pocket was picked of \$350 late yesterday in the car on the Norwich line.

The Quebec and Richmond Railroad was opened for traffic on the 25th ult.

It is not so painful for an honest man to want money, as it is to owe it.

Recent accounts represent the cholera asragin fearfully in Italy.

A PRESIDENT WANTED BACK.

One of the Boston Insurance Companies has lately been in tribulation about its president, who had invested the capital of the company in a way its members did not approve. The sheriff arrested and detained him a week, when he was accepted under promise of an arrangement, and the insurance president was set at liberty. For some reason, however, the directors repented of their deed, and despatched an officer in pursuit of their former president, with authority to bring him back to Boston. The officer found the fugitive at the village of Canaan, Ct., and immediately informed him of his business. No negotiations ensued, in which State Street craft was too much for the officer, who was induced to leave his prisoner and visit a neighboring town, under what he conceived to be the promise of a gentleman, and as he supposed, a party interested in the insurance company, that all should be right. When he did return, however, the bird had flown. It is stated, further, that developments in this case show a system of financing on the part of the late president, which, fortunately for the community, is not common in insurance companies.

FORTIFICATIONS OF SEBASTOPOL.

The chief engineer of the fortifications of Sebastopol was an Englishman named Upton. Thirty years ago he was a celebrated railroad engineer in England, but having defrauded the Holyhead road, he fled, and went to the Crimea, where the Czar engaged him to build the fortifications. He found Sebastopol in a very inefficient state, and at once proceeded, by dint of labor, science and money, to render it the strong fortification which it is at the present day. The emperor was so much pleased with the result of his labors, that, among the other high honors, he conferred upon him the rank of Lieutenant. Col. He died about a year ago, but his son still resides in the Crimea, and was taken prisoner by the British in their recent operations. They endeavored to get some information from him regarding the fortresses, but he steadily refused to give it, as he could not, consistently with honor, injure the monarch in whose service he held a commission.

BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.—We learn that Miss Elizabeth Green, of Oldtown, Me., recently instituted a suit against Mr. DeWolf, for \$10,000 damages for breach of promise of marriage. Mr. DeWolf argued his own case upon the trial, but his arguments were completely upset by the production of some pieces of very sentimental poetry, which had addressed to Miss Green; and the jury, shocked at such unnatural depravity, proceeded without delay to heal the lacerated heart of the plaintiff by rendering a verdict of damages in the sum of \$1625.

NEW INVENTION.—An invention has been patented to close a bottle with a common cork, without ringing or tying. The cork, instead of being inserted as usual in the neck of the bottle, is inserted in a passage nearly at right angles to the neck. The pressure of the gas acts upon it laterally only, and not on its end, and therefore does not tend to expel it.

ASYLUM FOR THE AGED.—We learn that the Emperor of China has ordered his daughter to marry his son, the crown prince, and the wedding is to take place in a week.

THE CHINESE EMPEROR.—A man can get along without a wife, but it goes right hard.

"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak?" said a loofer to a gentleman. "Why, they are in a weak place," replied the latter.

Ladies of a certain age may perhaps envy the Emperor of China one of his luxuries—his birth-day celebrated last Saturday.

A young lady in Albany was lately married to Mr. Wm. Tongue. Isn't she tongue-tied? We hope she may be happy, and hold her tongue much longer, yet.

A young lady declared in our hearing the other day, that she would marry no one who could not keep her a carriage and horses. We presume her favorite air is "Wait for the Wagon."

The famous saying of Will Shakespeare, that "there is a divinity which shapes our ends," is exemplified in the employment of some somewhat sprightly girls at Milford, in making gentle-men's garter buttons.

Analogy of a Pop.—He is one-third collar, one-sixth patent leather, one-sixth walking-stick, and the rest king-gloves and hair. As to his popularity—there is some doubt, but it is now pretty well settled that he is the son of a tailor's goose.

JEWIS IN THE UNITED STATES.—According to the synagogue rolls, there are more than 120,000 Jews in the United States.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Peril of the Law," a story by FRANCIS A. DUKE.

"Notes of Foreign Travel" No. 25, by G. GLASER.

"A Thanksgiving Dinner," a tale by ALICE B. NEALE.

"Olden Times," No. 12, by THOMAS BULFINCH.

"Olden Days," by CHARLES WATSON, from the French, by MARGUERITE A. STOUR.

"Photo to Prescription," stanza by GRACE FLETCHER.

"The Autumn Wind," a poem by WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

We give this week another of our monthly representations of the Farmer's labor appropriate to the month of November.

A series of engravings, illustrative of life and nature in Peru and Bolivia; first, a view of the volcano Ullanay, with the Andes in the background; second, a scene in the Andes; third, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; fourth, a scene in the Amazonian forest; fifth, a scene in the Andes; sixth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; seventh, a scene in the Andes; eighth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninth, a scene in the Andes; tenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; eleventh, a scene in the Andes; twelfth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; thirteenth, a scene in the Andes; fourteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; fifteenth, a scene in the Andes; sixteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; seventeenth, a scene in the Andes; eighteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; nineteenth, a scene in the Andes; twentieth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; twenty-first, a scene in the Andes; twenty-second, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; twenty-third, a scene in the Andes; twenty-fourth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; twenty-fifth, a scene in the Andes; twenty-sixth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; twenty-seventh, a scene in the Andes; twenty-eighth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; twenty-ninth, a scene in the Andes; thirty-first, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; thirty-second, a scene in the Andes; thirty-third, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; thirty-fourth, a scene in the Andes; thirty-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; thirty-sixth, a scene in the Andes; thirty-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; thirty-eighth, a scene in the Andes; thirty-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; forty-first, a scene in the Andes; forty-second, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; forty-third, a scene in the Andes; forty-fourth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; forty-fifth, a scene in the Andes; forty-sixth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; forty-seventh, a scene in the Andes; forty-eighth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; forty-ninth, a scene in the Andes; fifty-first, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; fifty-second, a scene in the Andes; fifty-third, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; fifty-fourth, a scene in the Andes; fifty-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; fifty-sixth, a scene in the Andes; fifty-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; fifty-eighth, a scene in the Andes; fifty-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; sixty-first, a scene in the Andes; sixty-second, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; sixty-third, a scene in the Andes; sixty-fourth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; sixty-fifth, a scene in the Andes; sixty-sixth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; sixty-seventh, a scene in the Andes; sixty-eighth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; sixty-ninth, a scene in the Andes; seventy-first, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; seventy-second, a scene in the Andes; seventy-third, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; seventy-fourth, a scene in the Andes; seventy-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; seventy-sixth, a scene in the Andes; seventy-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; seventy-eighth, a scene in the Andes; seventy-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; eighty-first, a scene in the Andes; eighty-second, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; eighty-third, a scene in the Andes; eighty-fourth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; eighty-fifth, a scene in the Andes; eighty-sixth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; eighty-seventh, a scene in the Andes; eighty-eighth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; eighty-ninth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-first, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-second, a scene in the Andes; ninety-third, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-fourth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-sixth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-eighth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-tenth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-eleventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-twelfth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-thirteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-fourth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-sixth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-eighth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-tenth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-eleventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-twelfth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-thirteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-fourth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-sixth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-eighth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-tenth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-eleventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-twelfth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-thirteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-fourth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-sixth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-eighth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-tenth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-eleventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-twelfth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-thirteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-fourth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-sixth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-eighth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-tenth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-eleventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-twelfth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-thirteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-fourth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-sixth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-eighth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-tenth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-eleventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-twelfth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-thirteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-fourth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-sixth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-eighth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-tenth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-eleventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-twelfth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-thirteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-fourth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-sixth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-eighth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-tenth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-eleventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-twelfth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-thirteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-fourth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-sixth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-eighth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-tenth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-eleventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-twelfth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-thirteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-fourth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-sixth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-eighth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-tenth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-eleventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-twelfth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-thirteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-fourth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-sixth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-eighth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-tenth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-eleventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-twelfth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-thirteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-fourth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-sixth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-eighth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-tenth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-eleventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-twelfth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-thirteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-fourth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-sixth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-eighth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-tenth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-eleventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-twelfth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-thirteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-fourth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-sixth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-eighth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-tenth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-eleventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-twelfth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-thirteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-fourth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-sixth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-eighth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-tenth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-eleventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-twelfth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-thirteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-fourth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-sixth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-eighth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-tenth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-eleventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-twelfth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-thirteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-fourth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-sixth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-eighth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-tenth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-eleventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-twelfth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-thirteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-fourth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-sixth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-eighth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-tenth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-eleventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-twelfth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-thirteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-fourth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-sixth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-eighth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-tenth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-eleventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-twelfth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-thirteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-fourth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-sixth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-eighth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-tenth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-eleventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-twelfth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-thirteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-fourth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-sixth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-eighth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-tenth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-eleventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-twelfth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-thirteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-fourth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-sixth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-eighth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-tenth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-eleventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-twelfth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-thirteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-fourth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-sixth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-eighth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-tenth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-eleventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-twelfth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-thirteenth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-fourth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-fifth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-sixth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-seventh, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-eighth, a scene in the Andes; ninety-ninth, a scene in the Bolivian mountains; ninety-tenth, a

The Flag of our Union.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

M E M O R Y ' S M I R R O R .

BY ETHELLA M. F. BENJAMIN.

Sweet friend, Time's dark and rapid stream
Has numbered those who once did sleep;
They could on such rely;
Who thought, while travelling hand-in-hand,
Affection's wealth they could command,
And it fate doth.

I sit and look through mists of years;
And lo! a childlike face appears,
With glistening, golden hair;
I lift again to voice most sweet,
Again I see the rustic smile—
We sat together there.

Once more I look in Memory's glass,
To see a girlish figure pass,
The same, but older now;
The hair in darker waves lies
Calm now are those sun-bright eyes,
And panthe that sweet-bright.

I spring to meet with greetings flood;
The vision fades—there's sought beyond
The gleaming, golden light;
O, ghostly Titan!—can no soul return
Affection's glow? Is it my doom
To fade from memory quite?

Thoughts friendly—kind is rusted o'er,
Will not think thoughts of scenes restore,
And wait to link aman;
For friend of childhood's, githbone day,
I never shall find, where'er I stray,
Another friend like you.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE FIREMAN.

BY MISS M. C. MONTAIGNE.

In one of the old-fashioned mansions which stand, or stood, on Broadway, lived Alderman Edgerton. Nothing could have induced Miss May Edgerton to reside six months in the old brick house had it not been inhabited by her grandmother before her, and been built by her great-grandfather. As it was, she had a real affection for the antiquated place, with its curiously-carved door-knocker, its oaken staircase, and broad chimneys with their heavy franklins. She was a sweet, wild, restless little butterfly, with beauty enough to make her the heroine of the most extravagant romance, and good as she was beautiful.

Little May had never known a sorrow, and in fact existence had but one bittersweet for her—that was, the fate in the shape of her parents, had decreed that she should not marry, nor engage herself positively, until she had met a certain young gentleman, upon whom like commands had been imposed by his equally solicitous parents. The name, it must be confessed, impressed May favorably—Walter Cunningham; there was something manly about it, and she spent more time than she would like to acknowledge, in speculations regarding its owner, for to May, notwithstanding all, there was a very great deal in a name. By chance she had never met him. She had passed many of her life, for what crimes she could not tell, in a sort of prison, occupied a fashionable boarding-school, and the greater part of the vacations had been spent with a rich maiden aunt and an old bachelor uncle in the city of Brother Love. A few days previous to her liberation from this "duration ville," Walter Cunningham had set out for Paris, where he was to remain as long as suited his convenience.

May had just returned home, and having learned this little piece of news, which she very properly deemed not at all complimentary to herself, was in as vexable a mood as her amanuensis ever allowed. Her cousin Hal suddenly entered the room in a rather boisterous manner, with the exclamation:

"Hurrah! May, I am going to be a fireman!"

"So I should suspect," returned May, a little pettishly.

"Suspect?" said Hal, sobering down in a moment.

May laughed.

"Why will you join such a set of rowdies, Hal? I should think it quite beneath me!"

"Rowdies! Those loafers who hang about the companies, attracted by the excitement and the noise, do not belong to the department."

"You know the old adage, Hal,—People are known by the company they keep," that is, "birds of a feather flock together."

"Why, May, this is too bad! They are the noblest fellows in the world."

"Nob! I have lived too long in Philadelphia not to know something about firemen. They used to frighten me almost out of my senses. Once we thought they would set fire to the whole city, murder the people and drink their blood! O, such a savage set you never saw!"

Hal laughed outright.

"Shoot the men, strangle the women, and swallow the children alive!" he echoed, mockingly.

"It is no subject for jesting, Mr. Hal Delaney. Philadelphia is not the only place. Take up the papers any morning, and what will you find under the Williamsburgh head? Accidents of riots, street-battles, and plunderings, in all of which the firemen have had a conspicuous part, and New York is not much better."

"Well, May, you do make out the firemen to be a mischievous set, most assuredly. Now, if I had already committed myself," continued Hal, jestingly, "almost you would persuade me to denounce the gang of rowdies, murderers and robbers; but the Rubicon is passed!"

"I do detest a fireman above all men!" ejaculated May, emphatically, as Hal left the house to go down town to procure his equipment. Little did either of them dream what was to be the scene of his first fire.

May too sound slumberers were disturbed about twelve o'clock that night by a confused rush of sounds, cries, shrieks, crackling beams and falling timbers. She wrapped her dressing-gown around her, and rushed to the door. Un-

clasping the bolts, she threw it open, but hastily closed it again, for smoke and flame rushed in, almost suffocating her.

"O, God, save me!" she murmured, huskily, flying to the window, only to gaze upon a scene which sent dismay to her heart. Clouds of flame and smoke enveloped everything. For a moment the bursting mass of fire was stayed by a huge stream of water, and she caught a glimpse of the good men, boys, engines, ladders, furniture, all heaped together in confusion; but the smoke and flame rolled forth with renewed anger than their momentary check, and all was blank again. She cried for help, but her voice was lost in the universal din. The heat became intense, the flame cracked at her very doors to demand admittance; she heard its fiery tongue flap against the panels, a few moments more and its scorching arms would clasp her in their embrace of death. She knelt one moment, her soul was in silent prayer; she rushed again with almost hopeless agony to the window. O, joy! and yet how terrible! That moment when the flame relented to gain new energy, a fireman had discovered her frail form in the glare of the light. He did not hesitate an instant; his soul was made of such stern stuff as common mire cannot appreciate. He raised the first ladder within his reach against the wall—a miserable thing, already half-burned,—and springing on it, reckoned he is a will-o'-the-wisp!

Source a week had flown by before another terror to excite all the city. People began to think that every important building on the island was destined to the flames. The hall where Jenny Lind had sung, where little Jullien with his magic bow had won laurels, and the larger Jullien enacted the multitude; the hall which had echoed to the voice of Dan Webster, which was redolent with memories of generosity, goodness and delight, was wrapped in the devouring element. Hal Delaney was quickly on the ground, but the strange fireman already had the pipe of his company. He walked amid the flames with a fearless, yet far from dauntless air, reminding Hal of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace. He was everywhere, where work was to be done, gliding over sinking beams, the example for all, giving prompt orders, as promptly obeyed, every fireman rallying around him with hearty good will, all jealousy cast aside, their watchword "Duty."

Towards morning, when the danger to other buildings was past, Harry closely watched the stranger, who seemed to mark him too, and with two members of his company determined to follow him and find out who he was, not only that his cousin and her father might have the poor felicity of thanking him, but because he was himself entranced by the manner of the man, and like May, saw something mysteriously beautiful shining through his eyes. The three—a young lawyer, a Wall Street merchant, and Hal—now tracked the fireman's steps with a zeal worthy of a better cause." Hal did not think he was showing any very good manners in thus pursuing a person who quite evidently did not wish to be known; still he had once accosted the stranger in a gentlemanly manner, and received no satisfactory reply, so now he had decided, cost what it might, to make what discoveries he was able to, with or without leave.

This time it was down, down Broadway, the stranger's light, almost boyish form moved swiftly, but evenly onward, while behind him fell the measured tread of Hal and his companions. Arrived at the pier, instead of crossing over by the ferry, the stranger unloosed a small boat, and springing into it, seized the oars, turning back a half-scoreful, half merry glance at his pursuers. Hal was not to be outwitted this. He quickly procured a boat, and the three soon overtook the stranger. They rowed silently along, not a word spoken from either boat, the oars falling musically upon the waves, darkness still brooding over the waters. The stranger made no attempt to land, but held on his course up the East River until they approached Hurl Gate.

"I do believe we are following the devil!" exclaimed the lawyer, suddenly, recalling some of his questionable deeds, as he heard the roar of the whirlpools, and saw the foam glistening in the dim light.

"He never came in such a shape as that!" laughed Hal, whose admiration of the stranger momentarily increased as he watched his skillful pilotage.

"Indeed, Delaney, I am not at all ready to make an intimate acquaintance with the 'Pot,' or 'Frying Pan,'" again exclaimed the lawyer.

Still, Hal insisted upon following, in hopes the stranger would tack about.

"You have no fears?" said Hal, to his brother fireman, the merchant.

"Why not?" he returned, calculatingly; "that is, if the risk is not too great."

Now the water became wilder, lashing against the rocks, leaping and foaming; it was a dangerous thing to venture much farther, they must turn back now or not at all; a few strokes more and they must keep on steadily through the gate—one false movement would be their destruction.

The stranger's bark gradually distanced them—they saw it enter among the whirling eddies—he missed the sound of their measured strokes, glanced back, lost the balance of his oars, his boat upset, and Hal saw neither more. There on that moonless, stormy night, when the darkness was blackest, just before the dawn, the brave fireman had gone down in that whistling, groaning, shrieking, moaning, Tarantea whirlpool! Mute horror stood on every face. Hal's grasp slackened; the lawyer quickly seized the oars, and turned the boat's prow towards the city.

"Do you not think we could save him?" gasped Hal, his face like the face of the dead.

"Save him?" ejaculated the lawyer; "that's worse than mad! Malafont alone can raise his bones along with 'Pot Rock'."

Hal groaned aloud. Perhaps the stranger had no intention of going up the river, but by them. It was a miserable thought, and hung with a leaden weight upon Hal's spirit. He remained at home all the next day, worn out and dejected. Hal rallied him.

"How I pity you, poor firemen! You get up at all times of the night, work like soldiers on a campaign, and sometimes do not even get a 'thank you' for your pay. You know I told you never to be a fireman!"

"I wish I had followed your advice," answered Hal, with something very like a groan.

York was there, and the stranger among the rest. Every one saw him, the firemen recognised him, and he worked like a brave hero. There was more than one noble deed done today, for many a life was in peril." Hal's eyes glinted now, for he had saved a life himself.

"The poor girls who stitched the books had to be taken down by ladders from the upper stories; no one can tell how many were rescued by our hero! The flames leaped from story to story, resistless, swallowing up everything; the giant work of years, the productions of great minds, all failing, as man himself, into ashes, ashes!"

"But, Hal, our fireman—did you not follow him?"

"Indeed I did—it through Fulton into Broadway; up, up, up, until he hurried down Waverley Street, I after him, and suddenly disappeared among the old gray walls of the university. I went in, walked all through the halls, made a dozen inquiries—but in vain. I rockon he is a will-o'-the-wisp!"

Source a week had flown by before another terror to excite all the city. People began to think that every important building on the island was destined to the flames. The hall where Jenny Lind had sung, where little Jullien with his magic bow had won laurels, and the larger Jullien enacted the multitude; the hall which had echoed to the voice of Dan Webster, which was redolent with memories of generosity, goodness and delight, was wrapped in the devouring element. Hal Delaney was quickly on the ground, but the strange fireman already had the pipe of his company. He walked amid the flames with a fearless, yet far from dauntless air, reminding Hal of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace. He was everywhere, where work was to be done, gliding over sinking beams, the example for all, giving prompt orders, as promptly obeyed, every fireman rallying around him with hearty good will, all jealousy cast aside, their watchword "Duty."

Towards morning, when the danger to other buildings was past, Harry closely watched the stranger, who seemed to mark him too, and with two members of his company determined to follow him and find out who he was, not only that his cousin and her father might have the poor felicity of thanking him, but because he was himself entranced by the manner of the man, and like May, saw something mysteriously beautiful shining through his eyes. The three—a young lawyer, a Wall Street merchant, and Hal—now tracked the fireman's steps with a zeal worthy of a better cause."

Towards morning, when the danger to other buildings was past, Harry closely watched the stranger, who seemed to mark him too, and with two members of his company determined to follow him and find out who he was, not only that his cousin and her father might have the poor felicity of thanking him, but because he was himself entranced by the manner of the man, and like May, saw something mysteriously beautiful shining through his eyes. The three—a young lawyer, a Wall Street merchant, and Hal—now tracked the fireman's steps with a zeal worthy of a better cause."

"I do not think he was showing any very good manners in thus pursuing a person who quite evidently did not wish to be known; still he had once accosted the stranger in a gentlemanly manner, and received no satisfactory reply, so now he had decided, cost what it might, to make what discoveries he was able to, with or without leave.

Weeks passed, and Delaney did not go to a fire; he paid his fines and remained at home. But he could not sleep while the bells were ringing—sometimes they reminded him of that still night at Hurl Gate. By degrees the coldness wore off between May and herself, and she consented to Emily's, his bride's, bridesmaid.

One night, however, the bell had a solemn summons in it, which Hal could not resist. It tolled as though for a funeral, and spoke to his very heart. He threw on his fire-clothes and hastened down town. Delaney soon reached the scene of destruction. The flames were rousing in all their mad mirth, as though they were to be the cause of no sorrow, no pain, no death. Hal's courage was soon excited; he leaped upon the burning rafters, rescuing goods from destruction, telling where a stream was needed; but suddenly he became paralyzed—he heard a voice which had often rung in his ear amid like scenes, a greater genius than his own was at work, he learned that he was innocent, even indirectly, of the stranger's death. Joy thrilled through every vein, he could have faced any peril, however great. Regardless of the angry blaze, made his way through fire and smoke to the stranger's side. The fireman paused in his labor a moment, grasped Hal's hand, and with a smile, in which mingled a dash of triumph, said:

"You see I am safe."

"Do you forgive my rudeness?" asked Hal, earnestly.

"Entirely!" was the ready response, and they went to work again.

In a few minutes Hal was separated from his friend—for he felt that he was his friend, and could have worked at his side until his last strength was expended. Retiring from the burning building to gather new vigor for the conflict, a sight glared before his eyes as he gazed backward for a moment, which froze his blood and made him groan with horror. The rear wall of the building, at a moment when no one expected it, with a crash, an eloquent yell of terror, fell. How many brave men were buried beneath the ruins, none could say. Hal saw the stranger falling with the timbers and the mass of brick; he surmised his gaze to mark where he should rest, but lost sight of him beneath the piled-up bones and stones.

"A brave heart has perished!" cried Hal, thinking of but one of the many who had fallen, sacrifice to their noble homes. All night long the saddened, horrified firemen worked in subduing the flames and extricating the bruisèd bodies of the victims. Some still breathed, others were but slightly injured, but many more were drawn forth whose lips were still in death, their brave arms nerveless, and their hearts pulseless forever. O, it was a night of agony, of terror and dismay!

The fireman's risk of life is not poetry, nor a romance; it is an earnest, solemn, terrible thing, as they could witness who stood around those blackened corsets on that midnight of woe.

Hal searched with undiminished care for the noble stranger, until his worn energies required repose. In vain did he gaze upon the recovered bodies to find that of the fireman; it was not there. Towards morning they found his cap; they knew it by the strange device—the anchor and the cross embazoned on the front, above the number of his company.

"A fitting death for him to die!" said clergyman, as they recalled his unexampled bravery, the majesty of his mien, the benevolence of every action.

The news of the disaster spread through the city with the speed of lightning. Friends hastened to the spot, and O, what joy for some to

find the loved one safe!—what worse than agony for others to gaze upon the features of their search all locked in ghastly death? With conflicting emotions, Delaney told May Edgerton of his last meeting with the strange fireman. A gust of thankfulness shot through her heart that he had not perished that dark night in Hurl Gate, that he had met an honorable doom. Hal preserved his cap as an incentive to goodness and greatness, and longed to be worthy to place on his own the mysterious device of the stranger.

The funeral obsequies of the deceased firemen were celebrated by all the pomp esteem could propose, or grief bestow. Mary Edgerton stood by the window as the long ranks of firemen filed round the pack, all bearing the badge of mourning, the trumpets wreath in crape, the banners lowered, the muffled drums beating the sad march to the grave. All the flags of the city were at half-mast, the fire bells tolled mournfully, and when, wearing with their sorrowful duty, their cadences for a while died away in gloomy silence, the bells of Trinity took up the call in chiming the requiem to the dead. Everywhere reigned breathless silence, broken only by these sounds of woe.

As May gazed on the slow procession, her eye was attracted by the emblem on a fireman's cap—it was the same—an anchor and a cross! That form, it could be no other, the face was turned towards her, it was the stranger fireman! His very step bespoke the man, as with folded arms and solemn tread he followed the funeral cortège.

That evening Hal Delaney returned home, his countenance beaming with joy, in strange contrast with the gloom of the day. "May, he is safe again!" was his first exclamation. "He is a perfect Neptune, Vulcan, master of fire and flood. Neither the surging eddies of Hurl Gate, nor ghastly flames and crashing beams have been able to overcome him. How he escaped he scarcely knows, and yet he does not bear a scar. So skillful, so agile, so dominant over all dangers, we easily might fancy him one of the old heathen deities!"

The next day there was to be some public literary exercise at the university, to which the alderman's family had been invited. May remembered Hal's once saying that he saw the fireman disappear somewhere around that venerable building, so an early hour found her seated at her father's side in the solemn-looking chapel, watching the arrival of the spectators, but more particularly the entrance of the students. The exercise commenced, still May had discovered no face resembling the fireman of her dreams. Several essays were pronounced with ease and grace, and the alderman took a fitting occasion to make a complimentary remark to one of the officers of the institution who was seated near him. "Exactly, exactly," echoed the professor, "but wait until young Sherwood speaks!"

Marion Sherwood was called, and there arose from among the heavy folds of the curtain that had almost entirely concealed him, a student who advanced with the dignity of a Jupiter and the grace of an Apollo. Duty was his theme. The words flowed in a resounding torrent from his lips. Every thought breathed beauty and sublimity, every gesture was the "poetry of motion." More than once did the entranced May Delaney catch the dark eyes of the orator fixed with an almost scrumptious gaze upon her face.

The walls rang with applause as he resumed his seat; bouquets were showered at his feet by beauty's hand, the excited students called out "Sherwood, Sherwood!" he had surpassed himself. May scarcely heard a word that followed. She was delighted to find that she had not deceived herself, that in intellectual strength he equalled the promise of his noble daring.

At the close of the exercise Marion Sherwood would have hastened away, but the chancellor detained him. "Alderman Edgerton desires an introduction to you, sir," deliberately remarked the chancellor. Marion bowed. The alderman, after the first greeting, caught his hand. "I cannot be deceived, sir; you are the gallant youth who so nobly rescued my daughter from a terrible death." Again Marion bowed, hesitatingly, striving to withdraw his hand from the alderman's grasp. "Will you not permit me at least to thank you?" said Mr. Edgerton, in a wounded tone. Young Sherwood had not the slightest intention of offending him, and wished to hasten away only to escape observation. Now, however, with his usual generosity, he forgot his own inclinations, and permitted himself to be overwhelmed with expressions of heartfelt gratitude. He suddenly checked the alderman's torrent of eloquence by requesting an introduction to his daughter, who stood in the shadow of a pillar awaiting her father. May, during his mind stored with philosophy, guiding her wild imagination, her gentle goodness—guiding his bolder thoughts into the paths of virtue. O, it was blissful thus to mingle their thoughts, encircling themselves in rainbows of hope and starry skies. By each other's eyes, all breathing upon them beauty and blessings. May had already wreathed the unknown fireman in all the attributes of virtue and of manliness; happy was she to find them realized in Marion. And he, when gazing in the shadows of the old marble pile, sitting up at the brilliant sky, had pictured a being beautiful and good, whose soul could comprehend the yearnings of his own, and this he found in May. Thus their two souls grew together, until their thoughts, their hopes, their very lives seemed one.

When Marion Sherwood requested of Mr. Edgerton the hand of his daughter, and learned that she was not free, at least until she had met a certain gentleman who was every day expected, his soul recoiled with a sudden sting; he had

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)
THE GOLDSMITH OF PARIS.
ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

In the good old days of France the fair, when no one dared question the divine right of the sovereign, or the purity of the church,—when the rights of the feudal seigneurs were unchallenged, and they could head or hang, mutilate or quarter their vassals at their pleasure,—when freedom was a word as meaningless as it is now under his sacred majesty, Napoleon the Third, there came to the capital, from Touraine, an artisan, named Anseau, who was as cunning in his trade of goldsmith as Benvenuto Cellini, the half-man artificer of Florence. He became a burgess of Paris, and a subject of the king, whose high protection he purchased by many presents, both of works of art and good red mullet. He inhabited a house built by himself, near the church of St. Leu, in the Rue St. Denys, where his forge was well known to half the amateurs of fine jewelry. He was a man of pure morals and persevering industry; always laboring, always improving, constantly learning new secrets and new receipts, and seeking everywhere for new fashions and devices to attract and gratify his customers. When the night was far advanced, the soldiers of the guard and the revellers returning from their carousals, always saw a lighted lamp at the casket of the goldsmith's workshop, where he was hammering, carving, chiseling and filing—in a word, laboring at those marvels of ingenuity and toil which made the delight of the ladies and the minions of the court. He was a man who lived in the fear of God, and in a wholesome dread of robbery, nobles, and noise. He was gentle and moderate of speech, courteous to noble, monk and burgess, so that he might be said to have no enemy.

Claude Anseau was strongly built. His arms were rounded and muscular, and his hand had the grip of an iron vice. His broad shoulders reminded the mind of the giant Atlas; his white teeth seemed as if they were formed for masticating iron. His countenance, though placid, was full of resolution, and his glance was so keen that it might have melted gold, though the limpid lustre of his eyes tempered his burning ardor. In a word, though a peaceable man, the goldsmith was not one to be insulted with impunity, and perhaps it was a knowledge of his physical qualities that secured him from attack in those stormy days of ruffianly violence.

Yet sometimes, in spite of his accumulating wealth and tranquil life, the loneliness of the goldsmith made him restless. He was not insensible to beauty, and often, as he wrought a winding ring for the finger of some fair damsel, he thought with what delight he could forge one for some gentle creature who would love him for himself and not for the riches that called him lord. Then he would sally forth and tie to the river-side, and pass long hours in the dreamy reveries of an artist.

One day as he was strolling, in this tender frame of mind, along the left bank of the Seine, he came to the meadow afterwards called the Pre aux Clercs, which was then in the domain of the Abbey of St. Germain, and not in that of the University. There, finding himself in the open fields, he encountered a poor girl, who addressed him with the simple salutation:—"God save you, my lord!"

The musical intonation of her voice, chimed in with the melodious images that then filled the goldsmith's busy brain, impressed him so pleasantly that he turned, and saw that the damsel was holding a cow by a tether, while it was browsing the rank grass that grew upon the borders of a ditch.

"My child," said he, "how is it that you are pasturing your cow on the Sabbath? Know you not that it is forbidden, and that you are in danger of imprisonment?"

"My lord," replied the girl, casting down her eyes, "I have nothing to fear, because I belong to the abbey. My lord abbot has given us license to feed our cows here after sunset."

"Then you love your cow better than the safety of your soul," said the goldsmith.

"Of a truth, my lord, the animal furnishes half our subsistence."

"I marvel," said the good goldsmith, "to see you thus poorly clad and barefoot on the Sabbath. Thou art fair to look upon, and thou needst have suitors from the city."

"Nay, my lord," replied the girl, showing a bracelet that clasped her roundled left arm; "I belong to the abbey." And she cast so sad a look on the good burgess that his heart sank within him.

"How is it?" he resumed, "—and he touched the bracelet, wherein were engraven the arms of the Abbey of St. Germain.

"My lord, I am the daughter of a serf. Thus, whenever should unite himself to me in marriage would become a serf himself, were he a burgess of Paris, and would belong, body and goods, to the abbey. For this reason I am shamed by every one. But it is not this that saddens me—it is the dread of being married to a serf by command of my lord abbot, to perpetuate a race of slaves. Were I the fairest in the land, lovers would avoid me like the plague."

"And how are you, my dear?" asked the goldsmith.

"I know not, my lord," replied the girl; "but my lord abbot has it written down."

This great misery touched the heart of the good man, who for a long time had himself eaten the bread of misfortune. The burgess looked on her fair brow, her regal form, her dusty but delicately-formed feet, and the sweet countenance which seemed the true portrait of St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris.

"You have a fine cow," said the goldsmith.

"Would you like a little milk?" replied she. "These cows of May are so warm, and you are so far from the city."

In fact, the sky was cloudless and burned like a forge. This simple offer, made without the

hope of a return, the only gift in the power of the poor girl, touched the heart of the goldsmith, and he wished that he could set her on a throne and all Paris at her feet.

"No, ma mie," replied he, "I am not thirsty—but I would that I could free you."

"It cannot be; and I shall die the property of the abbot. For a long time we have lived here, from father to son, from mother to daughter. Like my poor ancestors, I shall pass my days upon this land, for the abbot does not loose his prey."

"What!" cried the goldsmith, "has no galant been tempted by your bright eyes to buy your liberty, as I might mine of the king?"

"Truly, it would cost too much. Therefore those I pleased at first sight went as they came."

"And you must thought of fleeing to another country with a lover, a fleet course?"

"Oh yes! But, my lord, if I were taken I should lose my life, and my lover, if he were a lord. I am not worth such sacrifice."

Then the arms of the abbot no longer than his foot. Besides, I live here, in obedience to Heaven that has placed me here."

"He is a vine-dresser, in the gardens of the abbey."

"And your mother?"

"She is a laundress."

"And what is your name?"

"I have no name, my lord. My father was baptized Etienne, my dear mother is la Etienne, and I am Tienette, at your service."

"Tienette," said the goldsmith, "never has maiden pleased me as thou dost. Hence, as I saw thee at the moment when I was firmly resolved to take a helmate, I think I saw a special providence in our meeting, and if I am not pleasing in thine eyes, I pray thee to accept me a lover."

The girl cast down her eyes. These words were uttered in such a sort, with tone so grave and manner so penetrating, that Tienette wept.

"No, my lord," replied she, "I should bring you a thousand troubles and an evil fortune. For a poor serf, it is enough that I have heard your generous proffer."

"Ah!" cried Claude, "you know not with whom you have to deal." He crossed himself, clasped his hands, and said:—"I have vow to Saint Eloi, under whose protection is my noble craft, to make two inches of enamelled silver, adorned with the utmost labor I can bestow. One shall be for the status of my lady the virgin, and the other for my patron saint, if I succeed, to the end that I may give thanks for the emancipation of Tienette, here present, and for whom I pray thy high assistance. Moreover, I vow, by my eternal salvation, to prosecute this enterprise with courage, to expend therein all that I possess, and to abandon it only with my life. Heaven hath heard me, and thou, fair one, he added, turning to the girl.

"Ah, my lord! My cow is running across the field," cried she weeping, at the knees of the good man. "I will love you all my life—but recall your vow."

"Let us seek the cow," said the goldsmith, raising her, without daring to imprint a kiss upon her lips.

"Yes," said she, "for I shall be beaten."

The goldsmith ran after the cow, which rocked little of their loves. But she was seized by the horns, and held in the grasp of Claude as in an iron vice. For a tripe he would have hurried her into the dirt.

"Farewell, dearest. If you go into the city, come to my house, next St. Leu. I am called Master Anseau, and am the goldsmith of our seigneur, the king of France, at the sign of St. Eloi. Promise me to be in this field the next Sabbath, and I will not fail to come, though it were raining halbersts."

"I will, my lord. And, in the meanwhile, my prayers shall ascend to heaven for your welfare."

There she remained standing, like a saint carved in stone, stirring not, until she could no longer see the burgess, who retired with slow steps, turning every now and then to look upon her. And even when he was long lost to sight, she remained there until midnight, lost in reverie, and not certain whether what had happened was a dream or bright reality. It was late when she returned home, where she was beaten for her tardiness,—but she did not feel the blows.

The good burgess, on this first, lost his appetite, closed his shop, and wandered about, thinking only of the maiden of St. Germain, seeing her image everywhere. On the morrow, he took his way towards the abbey, in great apprehension, but still determined to speak to my lord abbot. But as he thought him it would be most prudent to put himself under the protection of some powerful courtier, he retraced his steps, and sought out the royal chamberlain, whose favor he had gained by various courtesies, and especially by the gift of a rare chain to the lady whom he loved. The chamberlain readily promised his assistance, had his horse saddled and a hackney made ready for the goldsmith, who was perched with ecstasy, and the chamberlain confessed that he had never seen so perfect a creature. Then, thinking that there was too great danger to the goldsmith in this spectacle, he carried him off to the city, and begged him to think no more of the affair, since the abbey would never yield so brilliant a prize.

"This is to shut my mouth," said the chamberlain.

The goldsmith, who was no great clerk, remained silent and pensive. Hereupon came Tienette, clad in glorious apparel, wearing a robe of white wool, with her hair tastefully dressed, and, withal, so royally beautiful, that the goldsmith was perfused with ecstasy, and the chamberlain confessed that he had never seen so perfect a creature.

Then, thinking that there was too great danger to the goldsmith in this spectacle, he carried him off to the city, and begged him to think no more of the affair, since the abbey would never yield so brilliant a prize.

In fact, the chapter signified to the poor lover that, if he married this girl, he must resolve to abandon his property and house to the abbey, and to acknowledge himself a serf; and then, by special grace, the abbey would allow him to remain in his house, on condition of his furnishing an inventory of his goods, of his pay, for a fortnight, to lodge in a burg appearing to the domain, with the intent to make act of scroifion.

The goldsmith, to whom every one spoke of the obstinacy of the monks, saw plainly that the abbey would adhere inflexibly to this sentence, and was driven to the verge of despair. At one time he thought of setting fire to the four corners of the monastery;—at another, he proposed to inveigle the abbots into some place where he might torment them till he signed the manumission papers of Tienette,—in fine, he projected a thousand schemes, which all evaporated into air.

Bat, after many lamentations, he thought he would carry off the girl to some secure place, whence nothing could draw him, and made his preparations in consequence, thinking that, once out of the kingdom, his friends or the sovereign could manage the monks and bring them to reason. The good man reckoned without his host, for, on going to the meadow, he missed Tienette, and learned that she was kept in the abbey rigorously, that all gall possession of her he would have to besiege this girl.

"Who is she?" asked the good abbot, smiling. "She is named Tienette," replied the goldsmith, timidly.

"Oh! ho!" said the good abbot, smiling. "The bait has brought us a good fish. This is a grave case, and I cannot decide it alone."

"I know, father, what these words are worth," said the chamberlain, frowning.

The king, meeting the old abbot at court, asked him why, in this juncture, he did not yield to the great love of his goldsmith, and practice a little Christian charity.

"Because, my lord," replied the priest, "all rights are linked together, like the parts of a suit of armor, and if one fail, the whole falls to pieces. If this girl were taken from us, against our will, and the usage were not observed, soon your subjects would deprive you of your crown, and great seditions would arise in all parts, to the end of abolishing the tithes and taxes which press so heavily upon the people."

The king was silenced. Every one was anxious to learn the end of this adventure. So great was the curiosity, that several lords wagered that the goldsmith would abandon his suit, while the ladies took the opposite side.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choices, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you will find everywhere, even at court